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LOS ANGELES

COLLINS.

Off with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth that sinks to ground.

Ode to Mercy.

Pub. [illegible] R.A. Engraved by

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XXI.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS OF COLLINS AND GRAY, FALCONER AND DAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY; AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

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THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,
103, *Goswell Street*;
FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET

1803.

PR
1173
P22
v. 21

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ENCOMIUMS ON COLLINS.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY SCOTT, OF AMWELL,

On his return from Chichester, where he had in vain attempted to find the burial-place of Collins.

To view the beauties of my native land,
  O'er many a pleasing, distant scene, I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,
  Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,
  To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray;
To her fam'd Poet's venerated grave
  Anxious my tribute of respect to pay.

O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,
  Midst the rude stones that crowd the' adjoining [space
The sacred spot I seek; but seek in vain—
  In vain I ask—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye whose quick observant glance
  Marks every nobler, every fairer form?
What, the skill'd ear that sound's sweet charms entrance,
  And the fond breast with generous passion warm?

What boots the power each image to portray,
  The power with force each feeling to express?
How vain the hope that through life's little day,
  The soul with thought of future fame can bless.

While Folly frequent boasts the' insculptur'd tomb,
  By Flattery's pen inscrib'd with purchas'd praise;
While rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom
  Fond Friendship's hand records in humble phrase:

Of Genius oft and Learning worse the lot,
  For them no care, to them no honour shown;
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,
  Ev'n COLLINS slumbers in a grave unknown.

EPITAPH,

BY HAYLEY AND SARGENT.

YE, who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb; where COLLINS' hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Though Nature gave him, and though Science taught
The fire of Fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
He pass'd, in maddening pain, life's feverish dream;
While rays of genius only serv'd to show
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan!
Guard the due records of this grateful stone.
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise:
For this, the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure Faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the BOOK of GOD the best [1].

[1] The closing couplet of this epitaph alludes to a well-known anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM;

OR,

THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE—A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.

TIME, THE MORNING.

Ye Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd:
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind!

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong—
Well may they please—the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display:
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright;
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires, the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find;
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

'Bless'd were the days when Wisdom held her [reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;

With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth! and daughters bless'd their love.
—O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

'Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all;—a wise suspicious maid;—
But man the most:—not more the mountain-doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known;
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last: by these your hearts approve;
These are the virtues that must lead to love.'

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The shepherds lov'd; and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN;

OR,

THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE—THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd; thrice struck his breast; and thus began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!

Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales, bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found;
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'

'Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
—Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold!
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'

'O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,

By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'

'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'

'O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me."
—O let me safely to the fair return;
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.'

He said; and call'd on heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA;

OR,

THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE—A FOREST.

TIME, THE EVENING.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
In distant view, along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the livelong hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold;
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
Gay-motley'd pinks [1] and sweet jonquils she chose;
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

[1] These flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By Love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song;
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden power and love;
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclin'd;
And, oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore;
And thought of crowns, and busy courts, no more.
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule in Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
Oh happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
'Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER;

OR,

THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE—A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was bless'd, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains; and vallies stole away:
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

'O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!'

AGIB.

'Weak as thou art, yet hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind;
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.'

SECANDER.

'Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.'

AGIB.

'Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain:
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd!

No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.'

SECANDER.

'In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd, for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.'

AGIB.

'Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way:
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.'

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek; and nearer fires appear'd:
The' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES.

TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
  And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
  His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's [1] bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
  Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
  And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
  Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun [2] too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, midst my native plains,
  Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,

[1] Euripides.

[2] The river Arun runs by the village in Sussex, where Otway had his birth.

To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come; by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;
Who seest, appall'd, th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start: like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening [1] brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee!

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard [2] who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

[1] Alluding to the Κυνας αφυκτους of Sophocles. See the Electra.

[2] Æschylus.

But who is he whom later garlands grace:
  Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
  Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen [3]
  Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
  And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
  Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
  Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
  Or in some hollow'd seat
  'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted [thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave:
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

[3] Jocasta.

O thou whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first, on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store,
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her [1] whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

[1] The ἀηδών, or nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat:
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more in hall or bower,
The Passions own thy power;
Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
—Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest elfin queen has bless'd;—
One, only one, unrivall'd [1] fair,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn turney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;

—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unbless'd her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless Fair, if never
Her baffled hand, with vain endeavour,
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name!
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given:
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their best prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her [flame!

[1] Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When He, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne;
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires where heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born!
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder;
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the tarsel's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance, their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.
—Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,

Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could hear;
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung:
  Thither oft, his glory greeting,
  From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
  In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
  Of all the sons of soul, was known;
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers!
Or curtain'd close such scenes from every future view.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746 [1].

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

[1] This, and the succeeding ode, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the rebellion in Scotland: the former, in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country; the latter, to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those who became a sacrifice to public justice.

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many
a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life
The youths. whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus [1], fancy-bless'd,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dress'd,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,

[1] Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Push'd by a wild and artless race
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
The' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they [2], whom Science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino [3] joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem:
Strike, louder strike the' ennobling strings
To those [4], whose merchant sons were kings;
To him [5], who deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride;
Hail! port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's [6] bleeding state.

[2] The family of the Medici.
[3] The little republic of San Marino. [4] The Venetians.
[5] The Doge of Venice. [6] Genoa.

Ah no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's [7] mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyry rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those [8] to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a Britith queen [9] refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand [10],
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

7 Switzerland.

8 The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

9 Queen Elizabeth.

10 This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the opposite coasts.

To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way, [ing:
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains round-
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth [surprise.
This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on ev'ry side,
Mona[11], once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this bless'd divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
Midst the green navel of our isle,

[11] There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist; so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heav'n-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There, happier than in islands bless'd,
Or bow'rs by Spring or Hebe dress'd,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the' immortal string.
How may the Poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
E'en now before his favour'd eyes,
In gothic pride, it seems to rise!
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,
Majestic through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heav'n's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;

There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
  Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore;
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou bless'd,
Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the west!

TO A LADY

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

Written in May, 1745.

While, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
  And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
  The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

Bless'd youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd:
Whilst Honour bath'd in tears shall rove
To sigh thy name through ev'ry grove,
And call his heroes round [1].

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest;
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

[1] In Langhorne's edition of Collins, this stanza was thus given:

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aerial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the' avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod, which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild War insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
E'en humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear[1],
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

[1] May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs, &c. *Langhorne's edit.*

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
  And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
  And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
  His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
  And gain thy bless'd return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise! and leave not one behind
  Of all thy beamy train!
The British Lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth, to kiss thy feet,
  And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
  By warlike Honour led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
  With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind;
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores;
No more I search those magic shores;
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard Passions fly;
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen
Arch'd with the' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy, dress'd,
Comes, like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons allied,
Throw'st the prattling page aside,
To me, in converse sweet, impart
To read in man the native heart;
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around;

And, gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before;
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school:
Thou, Heav'n, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast bless'd this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask;
Behold before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise:
While, ever varing as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass;
With these the white-rob'd maids combine!
And those the laughing Satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the Passions nurs'd; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me too amidst thy band admit;
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share;
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd, attends thy side!

By old Miletus [1], who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;

[1] Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him [2], whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castalia's Moorish hills repeat:
Or him [3], whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
Inwatchet weeds on Gallia's shore;
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind;
The Sports and I this hour agree,
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Posses'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;

[2] Cervantes.
[3] Le Sage, who died at Paris in the year 1745.

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
  Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
  Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
  In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
  And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
  Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
  'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
  What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
  And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
  And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
  And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
  A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung:—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his head.
While each strain'd ball of sight seem bursting from

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd:
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
[Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound; [stole,
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew;
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd [Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd:
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best:
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp [1] shall now be laid;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

[1] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

Then maids and youths shall linger here ;
  And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
  When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
  To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And, oft as ease and health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening [2] spire,
  And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die ;
  And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade ;
  Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

[2] Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

The genial meads [3], assign'd to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
  With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay [4]
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
  In yonder grave your Druid lies!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom;
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

3 Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death, at a villa in Kew-lane, now inhabited by the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen.

4 This can only be regarded as a poetical presage; for the 'poet's sylvan grave,' was undistinguished by any exterior token till the year 1791, when a brass tablet was erected near the remains of the bard, to denote the place of his interment.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
  And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE CAKE.

Ye curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
  By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake;
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
  Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
  Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
  The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
  Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Tears, sighs, and wishes of the' enamour'd breast,
  And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
  From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
  The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
  Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
  And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god! hath sworn, while these remain,
  With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
  With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
  And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
  O, much entreated, leave this fatal place!

Sweet Peace, who long hath shun'd my plaintive day,
  Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
  And grief with raven note usurp the night.

TO MISS AURELLA C——R[1],

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn;
  Lament not Hannah's happy state:
You may be happy in your turn,
  And seize the treasure you regret.

With love united Hymen stands,
  And softly whispers to your charms—
'Meet but your lover in my bands,
  You'll find your sister in his arms.'

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS[2].

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,
While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell;
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's name.

[1] These verses were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1739, and afterwards in Woty's Poetical Calendar; and are considered by Dr. Johnson as Collins's earliest attempt to court the notice of the public.

[2] This poem was written by the author at the university, about the time when Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford, in 1744.—*Langhorne.*

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief the afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade,
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves:
Toil builds on toil; and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's [3] reign;
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow;
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic Sisters kept their native ease:
With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd;
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain:
Ilyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil, [soil.
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the' unfriendly

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, priests, or Vandals—all were Learning's foes.
Till Julius [4] first recall'd each exil'd maid;
And Cosmo own'd them in the' Etrurian shade:

3 The Œdipus of Sophocles.

4 Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream :
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung ;
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move ;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength :
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakspeare to her fame be born!

Yet ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order as the next in name :
With pleas'd attention, midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind ;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear ;
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His [5] every strain the Smiles and Graces own ;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone :
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
The' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

[5] Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

With [6] gradual steps and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew:
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's [7] spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd:
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our Poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
The' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms;
And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentle Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king: [bleed,
The time [8] shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed;
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:

[6] About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

[7] The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

[8] Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, &c. *Virg.*

Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear :
Blunt the weak sword, and break the' oppressive
spear!

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
Dress'd by her hand, the wóods and valleys smile;
And Spring diffusive decks the' enchanted isle.

O ! more than all in powerful genius bless'd,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !
There every thought the Poet's warmth may raise ;
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !
What wondrous draughts might rise from every
What other Raphaels charm a distant age! [page !

Methinks e'en now I view some free design
Where breathing Nature lives in every line :
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
And see where Anthony [9], in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend !
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

9 See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

But who [10] is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel;
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise;
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring;
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the' harmonious whole unknown,
Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

[10] Coriolanus.

ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND:

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

HOME! thou returns't from Thames, whose naiads
  Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay, [long
  Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song. [day,
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[1]
  Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's
Together let us wish him lasting truth, [side;
  And joy untainted, with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
  My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
  I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
  Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
  Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
  'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
  Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
  To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
  While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.

[1] A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe the' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding strain.

E'en yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son,
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possess'd,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave!
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel [2],
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

[2] A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams en-
With their own visions oft astonish'd droop, [gross,
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop:
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness. stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear [3], some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!

[3] The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, in Dr. Carlyle's copy, printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being deficient, were supplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling:

'Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie;
And hear the first, faint, rustling pennons sweep:
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
In horrid musings wrapt, they sit to mark
The labouring moon; or list the nightly yell

The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora [4] forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell fell rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining, through their second sight [5].
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!

Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.
Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated weight,
And leads him floundering on and quite astray.'

4 By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

5 Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

Illustrious William[6]! Britain's guardian name!
  One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke:
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame, [broke,
  But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
  Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
  Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose:
  Let not dank Will[7] mislead you to the heath;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
  He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake:

What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
  His glimmering mazes cheer the' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
  Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light:
For watchful, lurking, mid the' unrustling reed,
  At those murk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
  And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
  surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unbless'd, indeed!
  Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
  Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:

[6] The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

[7] A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way:
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep!
With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he perhaps, with moist and watery hand
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
'Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's[8] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!'

[8] The water fiend.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill [spring
  Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
  From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
  To that hoar pile [9] which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
  Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither [10], where beneath the showery west,
  The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
  No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
  The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
  In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, [tides,
  On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
  Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
  Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
  Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
  With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-press'd,

9 One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where, it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

10 Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Along the' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's [11] nest.
Thus, bless'd in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give:
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess'd;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, the historic page.
There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
The' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art!

[11] An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword?
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung;
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the' impassion'd heart, and wins the harmonious ear!
All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail;
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan [12] fill'd, or pastoral Tay [12],
Or Don's [12] romantic springs, at distance hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens [13], o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led:
Or, o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson [14] sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!

[12] Three rivers in Scotland. [13] Vallies.

[14] Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scottish poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh. See an account of a conversation which passed between them, in Drummond's Works, 1711.

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains [15], attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I love your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend [16]!

[15] Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which s in the county of Lothian.

[16] The following exquisite *supplemental stanzas* to the foregoing *Ode*, will be found to commemorate some striking Scottish superstitions omitted by *Collins*. They are the production of *William Erskine*, Esq. Advocate, and form a Continuation of the Address, by Collins, to the Author of Douglas, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland. They originally appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for April, 1788.

'Thy Muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,
In merry mood the village maiden goes:
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,
Chanting some carol till her swain appears,
With visage, deadly pale, in pensive guise,
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears [1]!
Shrieking and sad, she bends her eirie flight,
When, mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,
The airy funeral meets her blasted view!
When, trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,
Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,
Far in his lonely sheil her hapless shepherd died.

---

[1] The wraith, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition.

'Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place!
Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay!
For see! recall'd by thy resistless lay,
Once more the Brownie [2] shews his honest face.
Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much-lov'd sprite!
Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!
Tell, in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,
Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.
Where dost thou deck the much-disorder'd hall,
While the tir'd damsel in Elysium sleeps,
With early voice to drowsy workman call,
Or lull the dame while mirth his vigils keeps?
'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
Thou ply'dst the kindly task in years of yore:
At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid
Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store:
Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more [2].

---

[2] 'The *Brownie* formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus, Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

'Faunes, or *brownies*, if ye will,
Or satyres come from Atlas hill.'

'In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and, in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But, although, like Milton's lubbar fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire [3], he does

[3] '—how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn the cream-bowl, duly set!
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend;
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire, his airy strength;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.' *L'Allegro.*

'Then wake (for well thou can'st) that wondrous lay,
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
And bear the smiling infant far away:
How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!
O snatch the innocent from demons wild,
And save the parents fond from fell despair!
In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,
When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,
Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,
And o'er the moonlight heath with swiftness scour;
In glittering arms the little horsemen shine;
Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,
A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine
The lost, lamented child; the shepherds bold [4]
The unconscious infant tear from his unhallow'd hold.

---

not drudge from the hope of recompense. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

'When the menials in a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them—'Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *grieshoch* (embers.)'

It seems no improbable conjecture, that the *brownie* is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

4 For an account of the Fairy superstition, see the Introduction to the 'Tale of Tamlane,' in that elegant work called Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol ii. p. 174, second edition.

GRAY.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air:

Mr. Mason.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

103, Goswell Street;

FOR J. SHARPE; AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY,

STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1803.

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ENCOMIUMS ON GRAY.

TO

MR. GRAY, UPON HIS ODES.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.[1]

REPINE not, GRAY, that our weak dazzled eyes
  Thy daring heights and brightness shun;
How few can trace the eagle to the skies,
  Or, like him, gaze upon the sun!

Each gentle reader loves the gentle Muse,
  That little dares, and little means;
Who humbly sips her learning from Reviews,
  Or flutters in the Magazines.

No longer now from Learning's sacred store
  Our minds their health and vigour draw;
Homer and Pindar are rever'd no more,
  No more the Stagyrite is law.

Though nurs'd by these, in vain thy Muse appears
  To breathe her ardours in our souls;
In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears,
  The lightning gleams, the thunder rolls:

[1] From an original MS. in the possession of Isaac Reed, Esq.

Yet droop not, GRAY, nor quit thy heav'n-born art,
Again thy wondrous powers reveal;
Wake slumbering Virtue in the Briton's heart,
And rouse us to reflect and feel!

With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,
Those deeds that mark Eliza's reign!
Make Britons Greeks again—then strike the lyre,
And Pindar shall not sing in vain.

ODE TO MR. GRAY,

ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING, IN THE YEAR 1742.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

DEAR GRAY, that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise
And drive the Zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy May!

Come, fairest Nymph, resume thy reign!
Bring all the Graces in thy train!
With balmy breath and flowery tread,
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;
Where, in elysian slumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dress'd,
Recal the Zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call, arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid;
The labours of Pomona fade:
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree;
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing;
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony;
Till every being share its part,
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

EPITAPH

ON

MR. GRAY'S MONUMENT,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MR. MASON.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay!
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.

POEMS BY GRAY.

ODES.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
  Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade [1],
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

[1] ——————— a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.
Shaksp. Mids. Night's Dream.

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon [2]:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun [3].

To Contemplation's sober eye [4]
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through Life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

[2] Nare per æstatem liquidam——.
Virgil Georg. lib. 4.

[3] —— sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.

[4] While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green, in the Grotto.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
  The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
  A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
  No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
  We frolic while 'tis May.

ON

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
  The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
  Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
  The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
  She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel TOM, nor SUSAN heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters gold.

ON

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπος ικανη προφασις εις το δυςυχειν.

MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade [1];
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the' expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth [2],
  To breathe a second spring.

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

[2] And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
  And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly the' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
  The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
  Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
  That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild [3]
  Amid severest woe.

[3] And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
  Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  The' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

——— Ζηνα
Τον φρονειν Βροτους οδω-
σαντα, τω παθει μαθαν
Θεντα κυριως εχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
  Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
  The bad affright, afflict the best!

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν ες
Δε το παν ερμηνεων
Χατιζει.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake[1],
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

[1] Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.—*David's Psalms.* Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αιολις μολπη Αιολιδες χορδαι, Αιολιδων πνοαι, αυλων, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute. The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour: [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul [2],
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand [3]
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wind:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

[2] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

[3] This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

I. 3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey[4],
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet[5].
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love[6].

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await[7]!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

4 Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

5 Μαρμαρυγας θηειτο ποδων· θαυμαζε δε θυμω.
Homer, Od. Θ.

6 Δαμπει δ' επι πορφυρεησι
Παρειησι φως ερωτος. *Phrynicus apud Athenæum.*

7 To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar [8] [war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of

II. 2.

[9] In climes beyond the solar road [10],
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the' twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chief, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame, [flame.
The' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep [11],
Isles, that crown the' Ægean deep,

[8] Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

[9] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

[10] 'Extra anni solisque vias—' *Virgil.*
'Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.'
Petrarch, Canzon. 2.

[11] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling[12] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

[12] Shakspeare.

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime [13]
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time[14],
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze [15],
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night [16].
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race [17], [ing pace [18].
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resound-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn [19].

[13] Milton.

[14] ——flammantia mœnia mundi.' *Lucretius.*

[15] For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel* i. 20, 26, 28.

[16] Οφθαλμων μεν αμερσε· διδε δ' ηδειαν αοιδην.
Hom. Od.

[17] Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

[18] Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

[19] Words that weep, and tears that speak. *Cowley.*

But ah! 'tis heard no more [10]——
  Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
  Wakes thee now! Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
  That the Theban Eagle bear [11].
Sailing with supreme dominion
  Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
  Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
  Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

[20] We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day.

[21] Διος προς ορνιχα θειον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE [1].

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state [2].
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail [3],
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

[1] This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

The original argument of this Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: 'The army of Edward I. as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretels the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot.'

[2] Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Shakspeare's King John.

[3] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride [4]
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side [5]
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast [6] in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer [7], and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood:
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair [8]
Stream'd, like a meteor [9], to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

4 The crested adder's pride. *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

5 *Snowden* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway.

6 Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

7 Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were *Lords Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

8 The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

9 Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore [10] they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by [11],
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart [12],
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——

[10] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

[11] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowden, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowden is called *the Eagle's nest.* That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.)

[12] As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart—— *Shakspeare's Jul. Cæsar.*

No more I weep, They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line [13].
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy

II. 1.

'Weave the warp, and weave the woof
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that [ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King! [14]
She-wolf of France [15], with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born [16], who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven. What Terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies! [17]

[13] See the Norwegian ode, The Fatal Sisters, hereafter.
[14] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.
[15] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.
[16] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.
[17] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

'No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?[18]
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn [19], and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl[20],
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray[21],
Lance to lance, and horse to horse;
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

[18] Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

[19] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

[20] Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

[21] Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

'Ye Tow'rs of Julius [22], London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith [23], his Father's fame [24],
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head [25].
Above, below, the rose of snow [26],
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar [27] in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, Brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate [28].
(The web is wove. The work is done.')
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

22 Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

23 Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

24 Henry the Fifth.

25 Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

26 The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

27 The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

28 Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height
  Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
  Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail [29].
All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail [30]!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
  And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a Form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face [31],
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
  What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Talliessin [32], hear;
  They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

[29] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return again to reign over Britain.

[30] Both Merlin and Thalliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

[31] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, 'And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.'

[32] Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-coloured wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love [33],
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
In buskin'd measures move [34]
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir [35],
Gales from blooming Eden bear:
And distant warblings lessen on my ear [36],
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

33 Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.

34 Shakspeare.

35 Milton.

36 The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

FOR MUSIC [1].

AIR.

'HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers [flowers.
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in

CHORUS.

'Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!'

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear the' indignant lay;
There sit the sainted Sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,

[1] This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. It is here printed with the divisions adopted by the composor, Dr. Randall, then professor of music at Cambridge.

To bless the place where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole:
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.'

AIR.

'Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.'

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow [2]
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn [3]

[2] Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

[3] Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare [4],
And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose [5],
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there [6];
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

QUARTETTO.

'What is Grandeur, what is Power!
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain!
The grateful memory of the good.

4 Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

5 Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

6 Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.'

RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Margaret see [7]!
'Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace [8].

AIR.

'Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heav'n's altar shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

RECITATIVE.

'Lo, Granta, waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.

7 Countess of Richmond and Derby: the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

8 The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath that Cecil wore [9] she brings,
  And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
  Submits the fasces of her sway,
While Spirits bless'd above, and Men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS.

'Through the wild waves as they roar
  With watchful eye and dauntless mien
    Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
  The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.'

9 Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE FATAL SISTERS[1].

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower [2]
Hurtles in the darken'd air [3].

[1] To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the Eleventh Century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was them making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle) a native of *Caithness*, in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North, and as many to the South. These were the *Valkyriur*, female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic Mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

[2] How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.—

Milton's Paradise Regained.

[3] The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

Glittering lances are the loom
  Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
  Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
  ('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
  Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
  Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
  Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
  Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
  'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
  Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
  Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
  Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through the' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
  O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
  Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
  O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
  Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
  Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin [4] weep,
  Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep;
  Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
  Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death:
  Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
  Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
  Triumph to the younger King.

4 Ireland.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
  Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
  Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
  Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
  Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN[1].

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black stead:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode[2].
Him the Dog of Darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

[1] The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de Causis contemnendæ Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.
Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

[2] *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unbless'd,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread?
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till LOK [3] has burst his tenfold chain;

[3] *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his

Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN[1].

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELSH.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's[2] shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,

bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see 'Introduction a l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet,' 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled 'Northern Antiquities;' in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

[1] From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry; London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

[2] North Wales.

On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[3] ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands[4];
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menaï rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * * * *

3 Denmark.

4 The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

THE DEATH OF HOEL[1].

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

[1] From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talliessin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.

See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p 71 *and* 73.

A LONG STORY[1].

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands[2]:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands.

To raise the ceilings fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winter's o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls[3];
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

[1] Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-House, at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names and a billet. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled, '*A Long Story*.'

[2] The Mansion House, at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.

[3] Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue.

His bushy-beard, and shoe-strings green,
  His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
  Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
  Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
  Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
  From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
  But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
  Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
  And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heav'n
  Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
  And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——
  Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
  Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
  And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
  In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t[4],
  (By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
  A wicked imp, they call a Poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
  Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
  And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
  Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
  To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
  Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
  But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

[4] The allusion here is to Mr. Robert Purt, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; who died of the small-pox, April, 1752, soon after the publication of the Poem. He was a neighbour of Mr. Gray's, when the latter resided at Stoke.

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
  Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will, believe?)
  But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
  But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
  The Poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great House
  He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
  For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
  And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack [5] has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes the chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib [6],
And all that Groom [7] could urge against him.

[5] The Housekeeper.
[6] The Steward.
[7] Groom of the Chamber.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
  When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
  He stood as mute as poor Macleane[8].

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
  'How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
  Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
  Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
  He ne'er was for a conjurer taken.'

The ghostly prudes, with hagged face,
  Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My Lady rose, and with a grace——
  She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

'Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
  Why, what can the Viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
  The times are alter'd quite and clean!

'Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
  Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
  Speak to a Commoner and Poet!'

[*Here* 500 *Stanzas are lost.*]

[8] A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

And so God save our noble King,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day[1],
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

[1] ——— squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante, Purgat. l. 8.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening-care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
  How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the' inevitable hour.
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[2] Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

[2] Between this and the preceding stanza, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the Poem, were the four following:—

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to him.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  Ev'n in our ashes[3] live their wonted fires[4].

For thee, who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate?—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
  'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
  To meet the sun upon the upland lawn[5],

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
  And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

[3] Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
  Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
  Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
  Petrarch, Son. 169.

[4] Variation:—Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

[5] Variation:—On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the first manuscript, followed this stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
  While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
  With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
  Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
  Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him
    borne,—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
  Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH[1].

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
  A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

[1] Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
  By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
  And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
  He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling[2] hope repose,)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

[2] ——— paventosa speme.
Petrarch, Son. 114.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE[1].

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She wooes the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
  The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my Soul! on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapturous choir among;
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
  And leads the general song:

[1] Left unfinished by Mr. Gray: with additions, in brackets, by Mr. Mason. The first idea of this Ode was taken from M. Gresset's 'Epitre a ma Soeur.'

[Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm, as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.]

Yesterday the sullen year
  Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
  The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
  Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
  A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
  See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
  Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
  On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
  And breathe, and walk again:

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
  Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
  And tastes it as it goes.
[While far below the maddening crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,]
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
  [Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,]
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
  Their dull, but daily round:
[To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime
  Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,
  And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the Peasant, far,
  From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
  Of rugged Penury.

He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
  Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
  Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In Heav'n's best treasures, Peace and Health.]

AN IMITATION FROM THE GODODIN[1].

Have ye seen the tusky Boar,
Or the Bull with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the Bard,
Verse, the Hero's sole reward!
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

[1] See 'The Death of Hoel,' p. 47.

TRANSLATION

OF

A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS [1].

THIRD in the labours of the Disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar:
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

[1] This was made by Mr. Gray while at Cambridge, in the year 1736, and at the age of twenty. Mr. Mason expressed his belief that it was Gray's first attempt in English Verse.

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT [1].

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again!
But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from high,
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary Power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful do'st thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense!
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?

[1] This is supposed to have been written about the year 1742, the time when Mr. Gray returned to Cambridge.

Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was Ignorance and all was Night.
Oh! sacred ages! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The' Schoolman's glory, and the Churchman's boast.)
For ever gone—yet still to Fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the Grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
****a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE ALLIANCE

OF

EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY 1.

——Ποταγ ω γαθε; ταν γαρ αοιδαν
Ουτι πω εις Αιδαν γε τον εκλελαθονθα φυλαξεις.
THEOCRITUS.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;

And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening
heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial Heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe:
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the' unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue:
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the Northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?

And, where the face of Nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts, and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
  Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracks enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed

From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST [1].

In vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
  And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire!
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
  Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
  A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
  And in my breast the' imperfect joys expire.
Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
  And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
  To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
  And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

[1] Only son of the Right Hon. Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He died, June 1, 1742, in the 26th year of his age.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. CLARKE [1].

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell,
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant Image here below
Sits smiling on a Father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH [2].

ON SIR WILLIAM PEERE WILLIAMS,

Captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons.

Here, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

[1] The Wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.

[2] This Epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew [2],
  There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,
  And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
  Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
  Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY [3].

A FRAGMENT.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
  Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her Sister-Art along,
  And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
  Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
  To local symmetry and life awake!

at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.

[2] In the Expedition to Aix, he was on board the Magnanime, with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

[3] Mr. Bentley had made a set of Designs for Mr. Gray's Poems.

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
  To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
  And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
  His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
  And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
  Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
  The pomp and prodigality of heav'n:

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
  The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
  And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
  My lines a secret sympathy *impart;*
And as their pleasing influence *flows confess'd,*
  A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart* [4].

SONG [5].

Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
  In the Spring he would return—
Ah! what means the opening flower!
  And the bud that decks the thorn!

[4] The words in *Italic* were supplied by Mr. Mason.

[5] Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old Air of Geminiani: the thought from the French.

'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why such unavailing haste?
Gentle gales and sky serene
  Prove not always Winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

AMATORY LINES[1].

With Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning;
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!—
Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befel me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia can tell me!

[1] This jeu d'esprit was found among the MSS. of Gray, and printed in a Note in the second volume of Warton's Edition of Pope.

TOPHET[1].

AN EPIGRAM.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend;
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through Hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN,

At Kingsgate, Kent.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice:
EarlGoodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

[1] Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearancer A Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the above lines. Some information respecting Mr. Etough, (who was Rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire) may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvi. pp. 25. 281.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
  No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
  Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
  Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
  And mimic desolation covers all.

'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had B—te been true,
  Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,
  And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:

'Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
  Then had we seen proud London's hated walls:
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
  And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.'

THE CANDIDATE:

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP [1].

When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his face,
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold,

[1] This tart lampoon was written a short time previous to the Election of a High Steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the Noble Lord alluded to made an active canvass.

'Lord! sister,' says PHYSIC to LAW, 'I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies:—You know I'm no prude,—
But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so lewd!
Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I fear—
No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear.'
'I don't know,' says LAW, 'but methinks for his look
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, PHYZZY,—his morals—his life—
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and w—g,
And all the town rings of his swearing and roaring!
His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks;—
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six!'
DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her band—
'What a pother is here about wenching and roaring!
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w—g:
Did not Israel filch from the' Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:
To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd;
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—
[*To* Jemmy]
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. TWITCHER myself.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

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SKETCH

OF HIS OWN CHARACTER [1].

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great Wit, he believ'd in a GOD.
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire [2].

[1] This was written in 1761, and found in one of Mr. Gray's pocket-books.

[2] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES [1].

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:

Scilicit ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentiæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicit ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratiæ sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

[1] Printed in the Cambridge collection.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum; quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese AUGUSTA Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt;
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris:
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Licet haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat:
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœminæam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.

SAPPHIC ODE:

TO MR. WEST [1].

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

[1] Mr. Mason considered this as the first original production of Mr. Gray's Muse; because verses imposed, either by school-masters or tutors, ought not to be taken into the consideration.

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magìs magìs jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multà flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus?

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACHRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Rea Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

Qua Trebiæ glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
  Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
  Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
  Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

CARMEN

AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM [1].

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
  Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
    Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertum fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
  Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
      Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
  Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
    Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax

[1] Written by Mr. Gray immediately after his journey to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he had described in a preceding letter to his friend Mr. West.

Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audîsse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naiasin ingeminâsse rupes:
Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quà niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique sontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen:
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM[1].

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;

[1] Sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to Sandys's Travels, book iv. pages 275, 277, and 278. A translation of this poem may be seen in the Gent. Mag. for July, 1775.

Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos,
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor

Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare ! adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis :
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat ; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olìm rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat ;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam : longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli ; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris !
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Appennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ !
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo

Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronà
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION OF A SONNET

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr'egli, è l'istesso Amor.

Lusit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas;
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,

In Dauphiny, August 1741.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;

Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
  Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
    Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
  Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
    Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
  Vetat volentem, me resorbens
    In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
  Tutumque vulgari tumultu
    Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN

HEROIC EPISTLE,

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

Egregium accipio promissi Munus amoris,
  Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
  Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
  Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Massinissa, triumphi
  Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
  Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo:

Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
  Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ !
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si tardius utar
  Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requi-
  Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam. [rit :
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
  Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
  Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
  Gaudiaque heu ! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
  Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias ?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
  Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
  Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis ;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi : longo agmine duxit
  Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
  Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
  Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color !
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
  Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
  Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas
  (Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
  Sensi ; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
  Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.

Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
  Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
  Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
  Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
  Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * *

FRAGMENTS OF A POEM

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

Unde Animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O Decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quà primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia
  Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus, [quid
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quic-
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum ; nec surgit ad
auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum : Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes ;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas ; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno :
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit : tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit ; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.

Namque illìc posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi : hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum :
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt : hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus : amplius
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis, [ille
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellìsque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc : tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus : tum sævior adstat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,

Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum ; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque choris sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere creda
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes ;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris

Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtìm sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissìm
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum

Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passìm, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propin-
Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos, [quant,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimìs spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robòre, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.

Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amentem

Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!
At Tu, santa anima, et nostri non indiga luctùs,
Stellantì templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplère, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo: quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * *

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.

FALCONER.

In transport lost, by trembling hope impreſt,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;

Painted by Hr Singleton. Engraved by Nich.s Schiavonetti.

Published 1.st Jan.y 1805, by John Sharpe;
Piccadilly.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

103, Goswell Street;

FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;

AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1809.

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THE

SHIPWRECK.

IN THREE CANTOS.

——— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. VIRG. Æn. Lib. II.

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM, IS ABOUT SIX DAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids the' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death:
'Tis mine retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore:
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,

Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
  Immortal train! who guide the maze of song
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress:
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen'd to the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
The fate, in lively sorrow to deplore
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.
  Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine:
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove
'Twas his, the vast and trackless deep to rove;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal the' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,

Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
'A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast'[1];
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus[2], lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe:
In regions where the' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all-dreadful in the' embattled line
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;
Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Such joyless toil in early youth endur'd,
The' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd,
Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,

[1] Shakspeare's Henry IV. [2] Darien.

Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the power that wakes the' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along,
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light.
In her right hand an ample roll appears
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores, [shores;
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.
O first-born daughter of primæval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the' obscur'd idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?—
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

1. Retrospect of the Voyage.—Arrival at Candia.—State of that Island.—Season of the Year described.—2. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Redmond, and Arion.—Palemon, Son to the owner of the Ship —Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the Daughter of Albert.—Noon. 3. Palemon's History.—4. Sun set.—Midnight.—Arion's Dream.—Unmoor by Moonlight.—Morning. Sun's Azimuth taken.—Beautiful appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.

Scene, near the City of Candia.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND A HALF.

1. A Ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held,
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew;
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursu'd,
And sought in certain ills imagin'd good:
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on;
And while they listen'd to her willing lore,
The softer scenes of peace could please no more,

Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
Still to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.
  Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
Across the' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
She o'er the spacious flood from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile:
And now, that Winter deepens round the Pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal:
They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay Venice, soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near;
Inflam'd by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,
Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
Before whose vivid intellectual ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already British coasts appear to rise,
The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing strains the mistress of his soul:
Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects the' approaching youth;
In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:

Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;
Illusion all, and visionary joy!
Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which bless'd with favouring winds, they soon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.
Eternal powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war:
Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green;
For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke,
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For stern oppression quenched its genial fires
Though still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;

No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
Excite the' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die;
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright virgin and the scales had run,
And on the' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
This, when the' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms—
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain:
His anxious heart impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire;
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew
The' unbless'd pursuit of fortune hither drew:
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?—

They can ! for gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause ;
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode ;
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,
And pours adventrous thousands o'er the main.

2. The stately ship with all her daring band
To skilful Albert own'd the chief command :
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd ;
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Aboard, confest the father of his crew !
Brave, liberal, just ! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene :
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone. [glide,
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave
And into motion charm the' expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;

His genius, ever for the' event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.
  Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the nothern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar [1], and shelf, the watery path they sound
With dextrous arm, sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boistrous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore
With foul intent the stranded bark explore;

[1] A *bar* is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth, or sand, that has been collected, by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river, or haven, so as to render navigation difficult and often dangerous. A *shelf*, or shelve, so called from the Saxon Schylf, is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand banks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water.

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily despis'd.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science, and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the' untravell'd zone.
In vain :—for rude Adversity's command
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
Permit my verse, ye bless'd Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.
These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain;
Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;

To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast
Palemon's father heard the tale confess'd;
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true:
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;
(For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
He, by the lust of riches only mov'd,
Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd;

Indignant he rebuk'd the' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy;
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench the' ethereal flame of ardent Love:
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look, and voice, assum'd an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd:
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;
High beat his heart, fast flow'd the' unbidden tear,
His bosom heav'd with agony severe;
In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind—
To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, the' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth;
Still Anna's image swims before his sight
In fleeting vision through the restless night;
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.
The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known;
Who wandering here through many a scene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found;

Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd:
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the' adjacent shore:
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress'd,
And held the' unwilling ship in strong arrest:
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray,
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,

Of dragons roaring on the' enchanted coast;
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd[2],
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:
What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers as-
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd; [sail'd,
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

3. But now before them happier scenes arise,
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes;
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—

[2] These remarks allude to the ever memorable seige of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

'Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd.
The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.'

'Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd;
In humble station though by fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave;
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandring rolls his ample tide:
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.
For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

'This blooming maid, in Virtue's path to guide,
The' admiring parents all their care applied;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,
No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;

Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden innocence express'd;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene!

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich freighted from the' Italian shore,
The Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard
From this return, with recent treasures stor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of the' event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms:
My ever charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her pow'r,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first the' infection caught?
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb unstrung with terror shook.
With all her powers, dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love:
She strove in vain;—subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.

Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour through flowery meads;
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd:
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence, and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart—
My suit prevail'd! for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.

His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd,
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd :
The rigorous doom was fix'd ; alas ! how vain,
To him of tender anguish to complain.
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt ;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

' The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale :
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The poignant torments of despairing love ;
The' impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide [3],
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied :
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast ;
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confess'd ! the lovely maid drew near !
But, ah ! what force of language can impart
The' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart ?
O ye ! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love ;
When with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;

[3] The ebb-tide, or reflux, when the water subsides.

Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.
'In transport lost, by trembling hope impress'd,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.'
'Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,)
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine abandon'd to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms:
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove;

On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'

'She ceas'd: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.'

'O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love;
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

'Oh, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:

For this, prosperity, with brighter ray
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er,
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more.'

'Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear,
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes
She pour'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs:'—
'Look down with pity, O ye powers above!
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love;
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain,
Bid every guardian-minister attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!'
'With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender passion beat in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.

Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep.'—
His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief:
To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew;
In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
Nor hope, nor danger, could their love divide.
Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love:
Oh! warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
Let them severer stoic nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.
Now as the youths returning o'er the plain
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain.

4. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface lovely to behold
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love:
With joyful eyes the' attentive master sees
The' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise:

The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone:
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd, while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of Love;
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung:
'All hands unmoor!' proclaims a boisterous cry,
'All hands unmoor!' the cavern'd rocks reply.
Rous'd from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass[4] arm:
The order given, up springing with a bound
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At every turn the clanging pauls resound:
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The pondrous anchor rises o'er the wave.

[4] The *windlass* is a large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron-pauls to prevent it from recoiling.

High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in the' Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers man'd, are sent ahead;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow [5];
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:
Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.
Now Morn with gradual pace advanc'd on high
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's [6] height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody cape [7] appears.
In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.

[5] *Towing* is chiefly used as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore, by the swell of the sea.

[6] A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

[7] Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

Now swelling stud-sails [8] on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
While all to court the veering winds are plac'd,
With yards alternate square, and sharply brac'd.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,
The pilots now their azimuth [9] attend,
On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;
Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude, and declination, gain'd;
In chiliads next the' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought:
By this magnetic variance is explor'd,
Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.
The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding seas:

[8] *Stud*, or *studding sails*, are light sails, which are extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on a strong rope called A Stay, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

[9] The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales [10] their contrast next display'd,
All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;
The' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field;
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age;
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main:
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
The' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd—
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming Rose and hardy Thistle sprung.

[10] Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered, they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow; from van to rear
The' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd;
There a young hero, here a royal maid:
Fair England's Genius in the youth express'd
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess'd,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd:
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe:
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd the' unconquer'd Caledonian spear:
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
The sword that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side:
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone;

Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous; overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood:
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay:
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale.
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
The' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd:
Then tower'd the masts, the canvass swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;
Thus, like a swan, she cleav'd the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the' Ægean main.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

1. Reflections on leaving Shore.—2. Favourable Breeze.—Water Spout.—The dying Dolphin.—Breeze freshens.—Ship's rapid progress along the Coast.—Top-Sails reefed.—Gale of Wind.—Last appearance, bearing, and distance, of Cape Spado.—A Squall.—Top-Sails double reefed.—Main-Sail split.—The Ship bears away before the Wind; again hauls upon the Wind.—Another Main-Sail bent, and set.—Porpoises.—3. The Ship driven out of her course from Candia.—Heavy Gale.—Top-sails furled.—Top-gallant-yards lowered.—Great Sea.—Threatening Sun-set.—Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the Main-Sail.—Courses reefed.—Four Seamen lost off the lee Main-yard-arm.—Anxiety of the Master, and his Mates, on being near a Lee Shore.—Mizen reefed.—4. A tremendous Sea bursts over the Deck; its consequences.—The Ship labours in great distress.—Guns thrown overboard.—Dismal appearance of the Weather.—Very high and dangerous Sea.—Storm of lightning.—Severe fatigue of the Crew at the Pumps.—Critical situation of the Ship near the Island Falconera.—Consultation and resolution of the Officers.—Speech and advice of Albert; his devout Address to Heaven.—Order given to bear away.—The Fore Stay-Sail hoisted and split.—The Head-Yards braced aback.—The Mizen-Mast cut away.

The Scene lies at Sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.

TIME, FROM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

1. Adieu! ye pleasures of the silvan scene,
Where Peace and calm Contentment dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, the' Elysian vallies smile;

To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul.—
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail social horrors! like my fate severe:
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea!
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you—judge if she depart
Unequal from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice attempting themes, before unknown
To music, sings distresses all her own.

2. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides:
Rodmond exulting felt the' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep:
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.

This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In Heaven immers'd, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as seamen deem, [stream.
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the
The swift volution, and the' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain—
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears:
The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high!
The' expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now the' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear:
A-head they see the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.
  But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze;
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.

One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong :
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through;
The' upturning points his pondrous bulk sustain,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain :
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike the' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress'd,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
When orient dews impearl the' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye :
But here description clouds each shining ray,
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display!
  The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
Are now dismiss'd the straining masts to ease;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready seamen from the yards unbend;
The boats then hoisted in, are fix'd on board,
And on the deck with fastening gripes secur'd.
The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
With fix'd attention eyes the' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.

The powerful sails with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd:
Across her stem the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.
Impatient thus, she darts along the shore,
Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more;
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once inclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove;
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb in marble ruins on the ground:
This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne;
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn;
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast:
The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud [1] in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon [2] lie.

[1] The *scud*, is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

[2] When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship, upon which it acts, is termed the *weather-side;* and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the *lee-side;* all on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward: hence also are derived the lee-

The master calls to give the ship relief,
'The topsails [3] lower, and form a single reef!'
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels;
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels:
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain,
Are man'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
And southward of the west cape Spado bore.
Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A louring squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—
'Reef top-sails, reef!' the master calls again.
The halyards [4] and top-bow-lines [5] soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles [6] next they run:

cannon, the lee-braces, weather-braces, &c. The same term is used by Milton,

> 'The pilot of some small night-founded skiff,
> With fixed anchor,
> Moors by his side under the *lee*.'

[3] The *top sails* are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. *Reefs* are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases: and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

[4] *Halyards* are those ropes by which sails are hoisted, or lowered.

[5] *Bow-lines*, are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering.

[6] *Clue-lines*, are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. *Reef-tackles*, are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing.

The shivering sails descend; the yards are square;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather-earings[7], and the lee, they pass'd,
The reefs enrol'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant the' approaching squall attend:
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep;
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward-sisters scour the blasted heath.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
Deep, on her side, the reeling vessel lies:
'Brail up the mizen[8] quick!' the master cries,
'Man the clue-garnets[9]! let the main-sheet[10] fly!'
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!
The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
The ship still labours in the' oppressive strain,
Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.
'Bear up the helm a-weather[11]!' Rodmond cries,
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies;

[7] *Earings* are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

[8] The *mizen* is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen mast.

[9] *Clue-garnets* are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail, which the clue-lines are to all other square sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled. or brailed.

[10] *Sheets:* it is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached.

[11] The reason for putting the *helm a-weather*, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer, before it, when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any

She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,
And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace;
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
The helm the' attentive timoneer [12] applies:
As in pursuit, along the aërial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now, the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast:
The helm [13] to starboard moves; each shivering sail
Is sharply trim'd to clasp the' augmenting gale—
The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail [14] balances before.
The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the' extended tack [15] confin'd:

longer. *Veering*, or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward: the French term is, *virer vent arriere.*

[12] The helmsman, or steersman, from the French *timonnier.*

[13] The helm, being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa.* Hence the helm being put a *starboard*, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

[14] Called with more propriety the *fore top-mast stay-sail:* it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast stay, over the bowsprit: it consequently has an influence on the fore-part of the ship, as the mizen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. (See also the last note of this Canto.)

[15] The main-sail, and fore-sail of a ship, are furnished with a tack on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest

Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.
To top-sails next they haste: the bunt-lines [16] gone!
Through rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run;
The' extending sheets on either side are man'd,
Abroad they come! the fluttering sails expand;
The yards again ascend each comrade mast,
The leeches taught the halyards are made fast,
The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard brac'd [17],
And straggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.
The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:
With brails [18] refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope [19] they extend,
And soon their earings and their robans [20] bend.

extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward.

[16] *Bunt-lines,* are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brailed, or furled.

[17] A *yard* is said to be *braced,* when it is turned about the most horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called *braces.*

[18] *Brails:* a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail, the bottoms and lower corners of the great sails.

[19] A rope is always attached to the edges of the sails, to strengthen, and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called *leech-ropes,* that at the bottom, the *foot-rope,* and that on the top, or upper edge, the *head-rope.*

[20] *Robans,* or rope-bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails: the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet-holes under the head-rope.

That task perform'd, they first the braces [21] slack,
Then to the chesstree drag the' unwilling tack :
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay [22].

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main—
These fleetest coursers of the finny race
When threatening clouds the' ethereal vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of the' approaching storm.

3. Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from the' insulting sea ;
Round her broad arms impatient of control,
Rous'd from the secret deep, the billows roll:
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene a hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay the' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies :
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray ;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight :

[21] Because the lee-brace confines the yard, so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

[22] *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight: and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay*, is to fasten.

Ev'n so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest grew,
South, and by west, the threatening demon blew:
Auster's resistless force all air invades,
And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
The ship no longer can her top-sails bear;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain:
Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
The seamen climb aloft and man each yard:
They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles[23] then confin'd,
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
Prompt to direct the' unskilful still appears,
The' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards[24] attend,
Some, travellers[25] up the weather-back-stays send,
At each mast-head the top-ropes[26] others bend.

[23] The *rolling tackle* is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

[24] *Top-gallant-yards*, which are the highest ones in a ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads.

[25] *Travellers* are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced: they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or bowering of the top-gallant-yards; for which purpose two of them are fixed on each *back-stay;* which are long ropes that reach on each side the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains.

[26] *Top-ropes* are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant-masts, and their respective yards.

The parrels [27], lifts [28], and clue-lines soon are gone,
Top'd and unrig'd they down the back-stays run ;
The yards secure along the booms [29] were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe;
Awhile, their spirits with fatigue oppress'd,
In vain expect the' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow:
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow; fresh difficulties rise ;
No season this from duty to descend,
' All hands on deck' must now the storm attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heaven her reign extends.
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

[27] *Parrels* are those bands of rope, by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite ; and of these there are four different sorts.

[28] *Lifts* are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms. A yard is said to be *topped* when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes.

[29] *Booms* are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immediately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather.

The ship no longer can whole courses [30] bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care;
The sailors summon'd aft all ready stand,
And man the' enfolding brails at his command:
But here the doubtful officers dispute [31],
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute:
For Rodmon, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move:——
'The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reiguing cause foretels the' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.'

[30] The *courses* are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts; the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

[31] This is particularly mentioned, not because there was, or could be, any dispute at such a time between a master of a ship and his chief mate, as the former can always command the latter; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather risk any thing than forego their ancient rules, although many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dangerous. It is to the wonderful sagacity of these philosophers, that we owe the sea-maxims of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind; of whistling on the wind in a calm; of nailing horse-shoes on the mast to prevent the power of witches; of nailing a fair wind to the starboard cat-head, &c.

So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call,
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—
The tack's [32] eas'd off; while the involving clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew;
The sheet and weather-brace [33] they now stand by,
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply:
Then, all prepar'd, 'Let go the sheet!' he cries—
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd;
By spilling-lines [34] embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secur'd with equal care,
Again to reef the main-sail they repair;
While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul tackle [15] others ply,
Jears [36], lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty yard descends:

[32] It has been already remarked, that the *tack* is always fastened to windward; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

[33] Whenever the *sheet* is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the *weather-brace*, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

[34] The *spilling-lines*, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together, and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard.

[35] The violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a *tackle*, consisting of an assemblage of pullies, to haul it down on the mast: this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 46.

[36] *Jears*, or geers, answer the same purpose to the main-

When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
The reef-lines [37] and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant shrouds [38], they man the yard;
Far on the' extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior skill this task demands—
To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,
The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides:
Each earing to its cringle first they bend,
The reef-band [39] then along the yard extend;
The circling earing round the' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns [40] they bind;
The reef-lines next from hand to hand receiv'd,
Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reev'd;
The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.
Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil;

sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as halyards do, to all inferior sails. The *tye*, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the jears.

[37] *Reef-lines* are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail.

[38] *Shrouds*, so called from the Saxon Scrud, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast-heads to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail: they are also used as rope-ladders, by which seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging.

[39] *Reef-band* consists of a piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed.

[40] The *outer turns* of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yard; the *inner turns* are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface.

But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.
For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend;
A sea [41], up-surging with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole:
'O friends, secure your hold!' Arion cries—
It comes all dreadful! down the vessel lies
Half buried sideways; while, beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost:
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,
The ropes, alas! a solid gripe deny:
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death;
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps, a fatal prelude to their own!
In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command:
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
'Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shivering streamers they may rend;

[41] A *sea* is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

Or, should they stand, beneath the' oppressive strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather [42] now Morea's land,
And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand'—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear:
Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try [43] beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
Then jears and topping-lift [44] secure belay;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound;
The reef enwrap'd, the' inserted knittles tied,
The halyards throt and peak are next applied—
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, the' extended sheet belay'd;

[42] To *weather a shore* is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the gale. *Drift* is that motion and direction, by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of sail, as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring produced by the turbulence of the sea.

[43] To *try*, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward; the helm being fastened close to the lee-side, or in the sea language, *hard a-lee*, to retain her in that position. (See a further illustration in the last note of this Canto.)

[44] A tackle, or assemblage of pullies, which *tops* the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line, and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The *knittle* is a short line used to reef the sails by the bottom. The *throt* is that part of the mizen-yard which is close to the mast.

The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee[45],
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

4. When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplor'd his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventrous was the' attempt to move
The' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express:
Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endur'd
In mazes, self-invented, long immur'd,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
The Muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear:
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side;

[45] *Lash'd a lee,* is fastened to the lee side. See note, p. 40.

Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows,
No future ills unknown their souls appal,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppress'd,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.
  Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy:
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful task! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore around—
While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
'Secure your lives! grasp every man a shroud—'
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie:
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan;
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone—
Thus the torn vessel felt the' enormous stroke,
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew;

Companion, binacle[46], in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck;
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.
They sound the well[47], and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear;
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, the' ungrateful office take:
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear—
As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade:
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend;

[46] The *companion* is a wooden porch placed over the ladder, that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The *binacle* is a case, which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions; the middle one for a lamp or candle, and the two others for mariners' compasses. There are always two binacles on the deck of a ship of war, one of which is placed before the master, at his appointed station. In all the old sea-books it was called *bittacle.*

[47] The *well* is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line.—The *brake* is the pump handle.

But all in vain! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs, oppress'd by pondrous cannon, groan;
Deep rolling from the watry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight—
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown;
Eventful task! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay;
Too soon the' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give:
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side;
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave—

Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the
deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar;
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist[48],
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd—
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd the' artillery round,
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The pondrous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship, thus eas'd, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
Such ease Alcides felt when, clog'd with gore,
The' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore,
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd—
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,

[48] The *waist* is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and forecastle; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant-ship is only one or two steps in descent, from the quarter-deck and forecastle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress'd,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess'd;
For while, with sweeping inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove,
Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood:
When unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The clattering pumps with clanking strokes resound;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil;
No ray of light their dying hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems.
Again the chief the' instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas! his science nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails:
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;

Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
The angle of lee-way [49], seven points, remain'd—
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When, on the' immediate line of drift, he found
The rugged Isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
Of Falconera [50], distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow:
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep Saint George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation long debate—
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft their head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!

[49] The *lee way,* or *drift,* in this passage are synonymous terms. The true course and distance, resulting from these traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of latitude, and departure of each course; and reducing the whole into one departure, and one difference of latitude, according to the known rules of trigonometry: this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the course and distance.

[50] *Falconera,* a small island in the Archipelago, to the N.W. of Milo: there is an open space of sea to the north and south of it; but in every other direction are islands at no great distance. The small and steep Island of St. George is situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at the entrance of the Gulf of Egina. Gardalor lies off the coast of Attica, between Cape Colonna and Porto Leone.

Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail, and show'r;
Black Melancholy rul'd the fearful hour:
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood!
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief refer'd:—
'Ye faithful mates! who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well:
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
The' unseen approach of this destructive blast;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands!
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that, before the boisterous storm to fly:
Then less her sides will feel the surge's pow'r,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;

Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign—
Forbid it, Heaven! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind pow'r!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no dely:
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee;
Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey.'
He said: the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their councils hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right prefer'd his own:
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing the' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—
'Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpow'r!
Our bark 'tis true no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind:
Yet where with safety can we dare to send[51]
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?

[51] The movement of *scudding*, from the Swedish word skutta, is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless, as in

At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last:
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail;
And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us and new dangers rise:
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares:
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too:
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!

'Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?—

the present instance, the condition of a ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side the mutual efforts of the winds and waves. The principal hazards, incident to scudding, are generally a pooping sea; the difficulty of steering, which exposes the vessel perpetually to the risk of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room: a sea striking the ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder; in broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with being immediately overset; and, for want of sea-room, she is endangered with shipwreck on a lee shore; a circumstance too dreadful to require explanation.

Prudence forbids! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash the' unruly tide :
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.'
  Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran:
For while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, the' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail:
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.
  And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate;
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run:
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune! taught too well:
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart,
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel:
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul:—
  'Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide?
Alas! from circling horrors thus combin'd,
One method of relief alone we find:
Thus water-logg'd [52], thus helpless to remain
Amid this hollow, how ill judg'd! how vain!

[52] A ship is said to be *water-logged*, when, having received through her leaks a greater quantity of water into her hold

Our sea-breach'd vessel can no longer bear
The floods, that o'er her burst in dread career;
The labouring hull already seems half fill'd
With water through an hundred leaks distill'd;
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
At every pitch the' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's end;
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely;
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dire dismay, anticipating death;
Still all our powers the' increasing leaks defy,
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh:
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
To light and save us from a watery tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here;—
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
' 'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste;
But, haply, Falconera we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
The' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,

she has become so heavy and inactive on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck. As in this dangerous situation the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuates from place to place, the stability of the ship is utterly lost: she is therefore almost totally deprived of the use of her sails, which operate to overset her, or press the head under water: hence, there is no resource for the crew, except to free her by the pumps, or to abandon her for the boats as soon as possible.

And since as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus delay?
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide;
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing pow'r,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour;
But here ingulf'd and foundering, while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.'
He said: Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd:
High beat his bosom—with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd:
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat:
Alas! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore;
His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.
Now had the pilots all the' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd—
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,

To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:
'Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose courage now is known perhaps too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform,
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near:
The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal:
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and send before the wind:
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here:
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
Till with abating rage the blast subside:
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These councils follow'd, from a watery grave
Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—
'And first, let all our axes be secur'd
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar
To float between the vessel and the shore:
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd:

So they, who haply reach alive the land,
The' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar:
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save;
Then westward turn the stern, that every mast
May shoreward fall as from the vessel cast—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground;
And when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then burst the hatches off, and every stay
And every fastening lanyard cut away,
Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast;
Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast,
That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore:
But as your firmest succour, till the last
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear;
If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
Adieu to hope! to life itself adieu!

'I know among you some have oft beheld
A blood-hound train, by rapine's lust impell'd,
On England's cruel coast impatient stand,
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their strand
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,

Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain!
Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown;
Who, though by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.'
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for awhile their native land;
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws!
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
Meanwhile, the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd:
'No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pumps industrious stand;
And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair—
And thou, Eternal Power! whose awful sway
The storms revere, and roaring seas obey!
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and [death:
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust,
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just".'
He said; and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought:
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light—
Thus, in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay;

Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks the' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between [53];

[53] That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when *trying*, and of the change of her situation to that of *scudding*, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying, as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea-phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her

The balanc'd ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt the' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;

coming to : and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her *falling off.*

Weering, or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of *scudding*, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, 'That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance for-

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to 'bear away!'
The order given, the timoneers obey:
Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd,
And round the foremost on each side belay'd;
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoist! away the flitting ruins fly:
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares—
'Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck,'
He calls, 'and brace the foremost yards aback!'
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires.

ward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to weer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned: and, for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the danger of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries—
'Haste! with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay,
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!'
He said: to cut the girding stay they run,
Soon on each side the several shrouds are gone:
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
The' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound;
Deep gash'd beneath, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings:
Thus, when some limb convuls'd with pangs of death
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
The' experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But, if the' infection triumphs o'er his art
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of death's inflaming tides
The' infected member from the trunk divides.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

1. Reflections on the beneficial influence of Poetry.—Diffidence of the Author.—2. Wreck of the Mizen-Mast cleared away.—Ship veers before the wind.—Labours hard.—Different stations of the Officers.—Appearance of the Island of Falconera.—3. Excursion to the adjacent Nations of Greece renowned in antiquity.—Athens.—Socrates, Plato, Aristides.—Solon.—Corinth.—Its Architecture.—Sparta.—Leonidas.—Invasion by Xerxes.—Lycurgus.—Epaminondas.—Present state of the Spartans.—Arcadia.—Former happiness and fertility.—Its present distress the effect of Slavery.—Ithaca.—Ulysses and Penelope.—Argos and Mycæne.—Agamemnon.—Macronisi.—Lemnos.—Vulcan.—Delos.—Apollo and Diana.—Troy.—Sestos.—Leander and Hero.—Delphos.—Temple of Apollo.—Parnassus.—The Muses.—4. Subject resumed.—Address to the Spirits of the Storm.—A Tempest accompanied with Rain, Hail, and Meteors.—Darkness of the Night, Lightning and Thunder.—Day-break.—St. George's Cliffs open upon them.—The Ship in great danger passes the Island of St. George.—5. Land of Athens appears.—Helmsman struck blind by Lightning.—Ship laid broadside to the shore.—Bowsprit, Foremast, and Main Top-mast carried away.—Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, strive to save themselves on the wreck of the Foremast.—The Ship parts asunder.—Death of Albert and Rodmond.—Arion reaches the shore.—Finds Palemon expiring on the Beech.—His dying Address to Arion, who is led away by the humane Natives.

The Scene is extended from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colona in Attica.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS; FROM ONE, UNTIL EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

1. When in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;

When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came
The dark and solitary race to tame,
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more:
The kindling spirit caught the' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay;
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms;
Hence, war's terrific glory to display,
Became the theme of every epic lay:
But when his strings with mournful magic tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befel,
The strains meandring through the maze of woe
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow;
Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs,
From earth upborne on Pegasean wings,
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue;
His magic voice, that rouses and delights,
Allures and guides to climb Olympian heights.
But I, alas! through scenes bewilder'd stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray;
While all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread;
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers fraught with living fire,

Full oft indeed that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
'Tis true he lightly sketch'd the bold design,
But toils more joyless, more severe are mine;
Since o'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan:
But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize and blazon every part;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain the' events in regular array;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchang'd the same sad theme remains
O could it draw Compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near!
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand, beneath the wintry blast;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian sailors know:
Then every breast should sigh at our distress—
This were the summit of my hop'd success!
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.

2. Awhile the mast, in ruins drag'd behind,
Balanc'd the' impression of the helm and wind;
The wounded serpent agoniz'd with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain:
But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer:
While round before the' enlarging wind it falls,
'Square fore and aft the yards[1],' the master calls;

[1] The wind is said to *enlarge*, when it veers from the side towards the stern. To *square the yards* is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length.

'You timoneers her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend:
So steady[2]! meet her! watch the curving prow,
And from the gale directly let her go.'
'Starboard again!' the watchful pilot cries;
'Starboard!' the' obedient timoneer replies:
Then back to port[3], revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side the' invasions of the sea;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies:
As when enclosing harponeers assail
In hyperborean seas the slumbering whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
And rack'd all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
So with resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from the chasing waves along the deep:
While dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan:
Upheav'd behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright;

[2] *Steady!* is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left.

[3] The left side of a ship is called *port*, in steering, that the helmsmen may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large ships, the tiller, (or long bar of timber, that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the rudder,) is guided by a wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a crane or windlass.

Now quivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath the' enormous gulf divides;
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies:
As that rebellious angel, who from Heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing the' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown—
Ev'n so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume:
Albert and Rodmond on the poop [4] appear,
There to direct each guiding timoneer;
While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends; [shore,
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring
Cries, ever and anon, 'Look out afore!'

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view

[4] *Poop*, from the Latin word *puppis*, is the hindmost and highest deck of a ship. The *bow* is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stern or prow.

Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide;
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light:
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand—
But scarce perceiv'd, when past the beam [5] it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies:
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy:
As in the' Atlantic ocean when we find
Some alp of ice driv'n southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd;
Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides the' aërial billows fly:
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat:
Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand;
The' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

3. Say Memory! thou from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song,
What regions now the scudding ship surround?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost!

[5] On the *beam*, implies any distance from the ship on a line with the beams, or at right angles with the keel: thus, if the ship steers northward, any object lying east, or west, is said to be on her starboard or larboard beam.

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore?
They did:—for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile;
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flow'r;
For native tempests here with blasting breath
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds, and storm,
The generous temper of the soul deform:
Then, if among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exil'd from the' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream;
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense the soften'd soul refine,)
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,
To learning lost, severer grief endur'd;
In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
Since fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire:
If one this pain of living death possess'd,
It dwelt supreme, Arion! in thy breast;
When, with Palemon watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.
Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at port Liono's[6] head;
Great source of science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame:
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won;

[6] Porto Leone, the ancient Piræum, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal.

The first, in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind:
The last, proclaim'd the spark of vital fire
The soul's fine essence never could expire;
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws:
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'er-
grown;
The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble; hence the heaven's name,
Unknown to modern natives whence it came.
Next in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies;
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd:
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.
Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand:
Ah! who unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell;
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around;
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia, bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near;

He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious train;
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands:
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause;
Ev'n great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born spirit now!
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace
Not distant far, Arcadia's bless'd domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains:
Thrice happy soil! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield;
Then, with some rural nymph supremely bless'd,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of silvan sports in artless strain;
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay:
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour the' uncultur'd plain.
Westward of these, beyond the isthmus, lies
The long-sought isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honour endless schemes contriv'd:

She, only shielded by a stripling son
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.
  Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the' Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restor'd at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjur'd friend, and faithless wife
Who sacrific'd to impious lust thy life:
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
  Next Macronisi is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combin'd, the Grecian host
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The lofty turrets of imperial Troy;
Here driven by Juno's rage the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came:
The port an image bears of Parian stone
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
  Due east from this appears the' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos! through all the' Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround;
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
Her hallow'd groves ev'n distant Persia fear'd:

But now a desert unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the' ethereal world:
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, immortal arms;
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the' empyreal race,
In wedlock liv'd the beauteous Queen of love;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move!
Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once the' imperial towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time;
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend:
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain!
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involv'd in Grecian flame;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more:
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.
Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand,
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night;

Whose gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore:
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
Then felt her bosom agony severe,
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd the' incessant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair;
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide:
The' exulting tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.
Far west of Thrace, beyond the' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain:
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd:
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine,
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,
With golden harps and branching laurels grac'd:
Around the fane, engrav'd by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eye's insufferable light,
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight:

Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows the' unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom;
Fair daughters of the sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay;
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to harmony the' afflicted soul;
With heavenly balm the tortur'd breast compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes:
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flow'rs:
Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound. [strains
4. Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel their
Diffuse delicious languor through my veins:
Adieu, ye flowery vales and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers and ever-vernal greens!
Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze the' Aonian hill surround;
Ye fairy scenes! where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight; for ever, oh, farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil—

Awake, O Memory! from the' inglorious dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye spirits of the storm my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the swelling strain.
Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stem'd the' Athenian shore;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
For this assault should either quarter [7] feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:
The steersmen every bidden turn apply,
To right and left the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line:
Thus they direct the flying bark before
The' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore:
High o'er the poop the' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints unhing'd in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray:
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds;

[7] The *quarter* is the hinder part of a ship's side; or that part which is near the stern.

From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze:
The' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of the night—
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head:
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd:
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the' ethereal frame;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
  Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Ev'n now my ear with quick vibration feels
The' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the' electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn:
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All Nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning Day,
All but our ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid ador'd resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van Saint George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green;
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear:
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose:

For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to [8]:
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;
A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around:
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger he alternate view'd,
And cautiously his ardaous track pursued:
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar; [raves,
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves:
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
The parting ship that instant is no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too:

[8] The great difficulty of steering the ship at this time before the wind, is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side; which often forces her stern round, and brings her broadside to the wind and sea: this is an effect of the same cause which is explained in the last note of the second Canto.

But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the tempest's wings the Isle she past:
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore—
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away
For ever exil'd from the realms of day,
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes!
Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

5. But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high,
Where marble columns, long by time defac'd,
Moss-cover'd, on the lofty cape are plac'd;
There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane;
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears:
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath the lee;
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,

A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the' unhappy victim to the shroud:
'Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!' he cries;
'Thy only succour on the mast relies.'
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
Quick to the' abandon'd wheel Arion came
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;
Fate spurs her on!—Thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star,
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And, 'hard a starboard!' is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow swift wheeling to the westward flies;
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend,
Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down press'd by watry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters unsustain'd on high,
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;

While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay [9]
Drags the main-topmast by the cap [10] away!
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostle floods their vessel to regain;
Weak hope, alas!—they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life, though sinking in the grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever number'd with the dead.

Those who remain, the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case;
Transfix'd with terror at the' approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear!
Ev'n they, amid the' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels;
Begirt with all the horror of the main
They view'd the' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain:
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast
That sees remote the mansions of the bless'd!

It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by destiny severe:

[9] The main top-mast *stay* comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support.

[10] The *cap* is a strong, thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a ship are those of the lower masts.

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain:
Since I, all-trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.
  In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
Ev'n he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.
  In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard [11];
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:

[11] The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast head without being washed overboard.

Her pondrous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah, Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.
  Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
The' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
  As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! the' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, enclos'd;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs infold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
For death bids every clinching joint adhere;

All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, 'Oh protect my wife and child!' he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the' unfinish'd sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.
  Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
'Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.'
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon the' elusive weed;
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more.
  Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stun'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear:
But lo! emerging from the watry grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd!

And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on the' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd! and never rise again.
  Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait the' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet—
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow;
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.
  Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When, gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood—
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground:
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they [hied,
The' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.
  Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath, explore
The first adventrous youth who reach'd the shore:

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul;
'If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown?'
Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate;
While yet afloat on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade;
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head;
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung pourtray'd;
The' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dum amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with equal pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
'O, rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;

Are we then, exil'd to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes! for ever now destroy'd;
For wounded, far beyond all healing pow'r,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night—
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone;
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise;
That deaf to Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul:
But, O THOU SACRED POWER! whose law connects
The' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age:
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the Shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Shouldst thou, the' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate;
Oh! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain:

Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend—
Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But, oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel;
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it! and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save.

'My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,'
But strives in vain; the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath;
Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
To course that long, unknown, eternal road—
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight;
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, prevail no more.

'When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear;
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd;
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe
That heal the' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad SHIPWRECK tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befel:

Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop the' unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain [12]!'
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood; with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd:—
'O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth;
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command;
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day:
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred,
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn;
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through Life's sad journey hopeless to complain:
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great CAUSE of all Effects, THY WILL BE DONE!'

12 '——————— sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.'

Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd;
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd:
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY;

IN WHICH THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE IS CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is clos'd! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dumb Suspense awaits, o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to the' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

From young Arion first the news receiv'd
With terror, pale unhappy Anna read;
With inconsolable distress she griev'd,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled;

In vain, alas! the gentle Virgin wept,
  Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
  And gave the lovely victim to the tomb:

A longer date of woe, the widow'd Wife
  Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
  Before Arion reached his native shore:

The Father unrelenting frenzy stung,
  Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear;
Severe remorse his tortur'd bosom wrung,
  He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
  Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
  While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore;

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
  In Winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
  And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat:

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
  Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home:
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
  When far from scenes of social joy you roam;

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
  While hunger and disease your life consume,
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
  Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom;

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath
  That taints the realms with misery severe,
No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,
  With cruel ravage desolate the year:

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
  Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
  Shall tremble, when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
  The wandering vassals of the faithless deep;
Oh! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
  Than we who still survive to wake and weep:

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
  Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
  Who sadly listen to the passing-bell;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
  No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
  Belies the latent feelings of the heart:

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays
  Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic Muse in living lays
  Records your dreadful daring with applause;

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
  With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
  The slaves of Vice with never-dying fame—

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
  Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
  In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

MISCELLANIES.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Aid me, kind Muse! so whimsical a theme,
No poet ever yet pursued for fame;
Boldly I venture on a naval scene,
Nor fear the critic's frown, the pedant's spleen:
Sons of the ocean, we their rules disdain,
Our bosom's honest, and our style is plain:
Let Homer's heroes and his gods delight,
Let Milton with infernal legions fight;
His favourite warrior, polish'd Virgil show;
With love and wine luxurious Horace glow—
Be such their subjects; I another choose,
As yet neglected by the laughing Muse.
  Deep in that fabric, where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to waft her thunder, and her hosts,
A cavern lies! unknown to cheering day;
Where one small taper lends a feeble ray:
Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless mortals frolic in her train—
Bending beneath a hammock's friendly shade,
See Æsculapius all in arms display'd;
In his right hand the' impending steel he holds,
The other, round the trembling victim folds;
His gaping myrmidon the deed attends,
Whilst in the pot the crimson stream descends;

Unaw'd, young Galen bears the hostile brunt,
Pills in his rear, and Cullen in his front;
Whilst, muster'd round the medicinal pile,
Death's grim militia stand in rank and file.
In neighbouring mansions, lo! what clouds arise,
It half conceals its owner from our eyes;
One penny light with feeble lustre shines,
To prove the MID in high Olympus dines;
Let us approach—the preparation view!
A Cockpit-Beau is surely something new:
To him Japan her varnish'd joys denies;
Nor bloom for him the sweets of eastern skies:
His rugged limbs no lofty mirror shows,
Nor tender couch invites him to repose:
A pigmy glass upon his toilet stands,
Crack'd o'er and o'er, by awkward clumsy hands;
Chesterfield's page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
An half-eat biscuit, Congreve's Mourning-Bride,
Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
And form a chaos to the' intruding eye—
At length this meteor of an hour is dress'd,
And rises an Adonis from his chest:
Cautious he treads, lest some unlucky slip
Defiles his clothes with burgou, or with flip:
These rocks escaped, arrives *in statu quo;*
Bows; dines and bows; then sinks again below.
Not far from hence a joyous group are met,
For social mirth and sportive pastime set;
In cheering grog the rapid course goes round,
And not a care in all the circle's found;
Promotion, mess-debts, absent friends, and love
Inspired by hope, in turn their topics prove:
To proud superiors then, they each look up,
And curse all discipline in ample cup.

Hark! yonder voice in hollow murmur swells;
Hark! yonder voice the MID to duty calls!
Thus summon'd by the gods, he deigns to go,
But first makes known his consequence below:
At slavery rails, scorns lawless sway to hell,
And damns the power allow'd a white lapel:
Vows that he's free!—to stoop, to cringe disdains—
Ascends the ladder, and resumes his chains.
In canvass'd birth, profoundly deep in thought,
His busy mind with sines and tangents fraught,
A MID reclines!—in calculation lost!
His efforts still by some intruder cross'd:
Now to the longitude's vast height he soars,
And now formation of lapscous explores;
Now o'er a field of logarithms bends,
And now, to make a pudding he pretends:
At once the sage, the hero, and the cook,
He wields the sword, the saucepan, and the book.
Oppos'd to him a sprightly mess-mate lolls,
Declaims with Garrick, or with Shuter drolls:
Sometimes his breast great Cato's virtue warms,
And then his task the gay Lothario charms;
Cleone's grief his tragic feelings wake,
With Richard's pangs the' Orlopian caverns shake!
No more the mess for other joys repine,
When pea-soup entering, shows 'tis time to dine.
But think not meanly of this humble seat,
Whence sprung the guardians of the British fleet;
Revere the sacred spot, however low,
Which form'd to martial acts—a Hawke! a Howe!

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

From the big horror of War's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the listening world in awe [1])
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre;
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.
Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known,
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl murmuring through the grove;
Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wandering through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead;
To' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.
When Winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile;

[1] By *awe* here, is meant *attention*.

When rills unbound began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson die,
Began to bloom————————
Hard fate! then, noble Frederic, didst thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,
The' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentless destiny cries, 'No delay.'
Ye pow'rs! and must a prince so noble die?
(Whose equal breathes not under the' ambient sky:)
Ah! must he die, then, in youth's full-bloom prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring time?
Yes, fate has doom'd! his soul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of fate;
The' irrevocable doom of destiny
Pronounc'd, 'All mortals must submissive die.'
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A dismal noise!—Now one promiscuous roar
Cries, 'Ah! the noble Frederic is no more!'
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death:
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity!
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings;
The soul to distant regions steers her flight,
And sails incumbent on inferior night:

With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine for ever in the heavenly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band!
In mournful pomp they march along the strand:
The noble chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.
  Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe;
Discons'late, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd isle! forsaken and forlorn!
With desperate hands her bleeding breasts she beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threats.
She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
Thy muses' patron, and thy merchants' friend.
What heart shall pity the full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
To' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injur'd just, return his own?
From usury and oppression who shall guard
The helpless, and the threatening ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan!
Impending desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming Spring droops her enamell'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:

The sprouting leaves already drop away!
Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, see! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapt in the' expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters through the' aërial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.
Some Power avert the threatening horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state!
Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds control!
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.
Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, through every distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung:
So sable smoke, in volumes curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky:
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around the' admiring, venerating world.
So the benighted wanderer on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day;
Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpse does glimmer through the gloom:
In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death:
Irregular wild chimeras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step control:

Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream;
Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on the' illumin'd day;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and lost within the' excessive blaze.

ODE

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR-ADMIRAL.

(Written aboard the Royal George.)

AGAIN the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away:
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where pleasure's sprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain!
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age;
Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting symphonies congenial play!
Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of peace, farewell!
In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable displays;
In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
Where Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow;

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore:
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can please;
His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry [seas.

Though danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that Honour steers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay:
His country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns;
The' avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
The thorny coast of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, the' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardours to subdue:
For pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd;
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Enchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confess'd
The' alternate passions in his breast;

Her swelling bosom half reveal'd;
  Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
  A thousand flattering thoughts inspir'd:
  Persuasion's sweetest language hung
  In melting accent on her tongue:
  Deep in his heart the winning tale
    Infus'd a magic power;
  She press'd him to the rosy vale,
    And show'd the' Elysian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
Conducts him blushing to the bless'd alcove:
  Ah! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
  And won by love's resistless arms,
  The captive yields to nature's soft alarms!

  Assist ye guardian powers above!
  From ruin save the son of Jove!
  By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
    And check'd the fatal flame;
  Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
  Whose point the magnet's influence feels.
        Inspir'd with awe,
        He turning saw
        The nymph divine
        Transcendent shine;
  And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
  His heart a sacred impulse sway'd:
  His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And love, regret, and hope, divide his soul.
  But soon her words his pain destroy,
    And all the numbers of his heart,
    Return'd by her celestial art,
  Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.

Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realm explore
Where guilt and error are no more :
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath dispelling, melt away :
Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won :
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France :
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !
The watry profound,
Awak'd by the sound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields :
High on the deck around he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join :
They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
Deep sounding, swells along the main,
Extend the' embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy :

The sailors all burn to engage:
  Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
  And shake the vaulted skies!
Exulting with Bacchanal rage.
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
  Whose power is superior to thine!
And when his proud squadrons appear,
  The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remotest hostile regions
  Thy victorious flags are known,
Thy resistless martial legions
  Dreadful move from zone to zone;
  Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
  And all the trembling globe control:
  Thy seamen, invincibly true,
  No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
    To thy great trust
    Severely just,
All dissonant strife they disclaim:
    To meet the foe
    Their bosoms glow,
Who only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
  Triumphant strike each living string;
For him in ecstasy divine,
  Your choral Io Pæans sing!
For him your festive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
  Wake! O wake the joyful song!
    Ye fauns of the woods,
    Ye nymphs of the floods,
  The musical current prolong!

Ye silvans that dance on the plain,
  To swell the grand chorus accord
Ye tritons, that sport on the main,
  Exulting, acknowledge your lord!
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
  That floating proclaim
  Our admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind!

O! while consenting Britons praise,
  Those votive measures deign to hear;
For thee the muse awakes her lays,
For thee the' unequal viol plays,
  The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious chief! refuse
The incense of a nautic muse!
For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main?
  Deep on my grateful breast
  Thy favour is impress'd;
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
  Prefer'd his suit to thee alone:—
  The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
You felt, consented, and approv'd.
Then touch my strings, ye bless'd Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire!
And swell each note with energy divine;

No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
Perhaps the chief to whom I sing,
May yet ordain auspicious days
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watry way,
And all its horrid incidents express?
To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong:
Source of my hope, and patron of my song!

THE FOND LOVER.

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of every charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives:
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?

Since all her thoughts, by sense refin'd,
  Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
  To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
  Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
  In trembling motion thrills;
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
  Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure grows,
  Should vital peace destroy?

If when my fair, in melting song,
  Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
  Such pleasing sounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
  Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move;
  I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
  Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
  That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
  That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
  Or deign to love like me.

ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

But ah! Miranda! without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me:
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart
Thy sovereign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring!

THE DEMAGOGUE.

Bold is the' attempt in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides Sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her pow'r,
And charge her in the great decisive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of fate to bar her way:
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,

The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await;
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the' incautious victim to destroy:
And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming-vermin dart their feeble stings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Enclos'd with perils thus, the conscious muse,
Alarm'd, though undismay'd, her danger views.
Nor shall unmanly terror now control
The strong resentment struggling in her soul,
While Indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on power's imperial stage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword Rebellion draws;
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! she fears no threatening foe,
When conscious justice bids her bosom glow:
And while she kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame!

She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
Though guiltless yet of satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brow a tawdry paper-crown!
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great monarch-ass through Gotham bray!
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces self-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless muse
Through reason's path her steady course pursues;
True to herself, advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our Patriot load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient slumber Satire wakes,
And brandishes the' avenging scourge of snakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display;
Let candour own the' undaunted pilot's pow'r,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour!
Let truth consenting, with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim!
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth,
Unknown to guile, was sanctified by truth!

How oft I bless'd the patriot's honest rage,
That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all corruption's venal arts defied!
When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise;
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.
  Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
If truth with error ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue should so soon decay,
And faction's wild applause thy heart betray!
The muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments.
But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction through the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost pow'r
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.
  There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to corruption's slippery road;
There was a time our Patriot durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the' insatiate German vulture rail!

Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The mists of error, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung round her neck, a millstone's pondrous weight
Drags down the struggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.
  But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze
For, lo! possess'd of power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains!
Alas! how soon the steady Patriot turns!
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the' accurs'd Westphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan:
By sympathy she fevers with her fires,
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.
  From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with success, and with applause inflam'd,
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd;

Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Those patriot principles maintain'd before.
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent, and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!
  Our hapless country views with weeping eyes
On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise:
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her pow'r,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour.
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,
To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
And sent to fall in battles not their own.
The' enormous debt at home, though long o'ercharg'd,
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
That suck, like vampires, every bleeding wound:
Ground with severe distress the' industrious poor,
Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.
  While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
In secret, and with inward sorrow groans;
Though deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
Can yet some impious parricide appear,
Who strives to make this anguish more severe?
Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow?
  There can:—to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs!
Shameless of front, impatient of control,
He spurs her onward to destruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,

Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns;
Till press'd with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.
Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
Then hearing modest diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
And while big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.
  But all the' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.
  He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;
Betray'd her interest, and abus'd his trust;
Then, deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
With tragic mummery and most vile grimace,
Rode through the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a patriot out of place!
Insults his generous prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!
In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of discord rise!
  She comes! from hell the' exulting fury springs!
With grim destruction sailing on her wings!
Around her scream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!

From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
And every little sting attempts to harm.
Here Chaplains, Privileges, moulder round,
And feeble Scourges[2] rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
By Grub-street slander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the slavering, snarling cur,
But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads the' assassinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke;
While, gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:
While his demure Welsh Goat, with lifted hoof,
In Poet's Corner hangs each flimsy woof;
And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, faction's common sewer,
Disgorges all her excremental store.
With equal pity and regret the Muse
The thundering storms that rage around her views;

[2] Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but, alas! —we refer our reader to the Reviews.

Impartial views the tides of discord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,
Would eye the' opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
Let freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, 'Down with Bute!'
While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! 'Liberty and Wilkes.'
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;
Support his slander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wisdom all to him submit!
Let proud Ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward Justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!
Nor here let Censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muse has stray'd:
Sometimes the' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant bursting, swamps the' adjacent grounds;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Through the deep channel still pursues its way.
  Our pilot, now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
But every man and measure to oppose;
Like Æsop's cur, still snarling and perverse,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who advise contend:

He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hays[3]:
Swallows the pension; but aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to save,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.
  But should some frantic wretch, whom all men [know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to shame and friendship's social tie;
Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin!
Forbid it, Heav'n! thou canst not be so base,
To blast thy name with infamous disgrace!
The muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not so black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven! the muse her ignorance betrays;
For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
Though gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,
The vulture pounces on the shining ore;
In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
  The great, the' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, strikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and listen to the muse's tale,

[3] See anecdotes of Lucca Pitt, a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, in 'Machiavel's History of Florence,' 1753.

That, true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart!
  Ere yet the desolating god of war
Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep 'To arms!'
In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
Beyond the' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown,
To Britain, did thy filial bosom groan!
What savage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins shriek'd in vain!
In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd, till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet[4].

[4] See Marine Dictionary, article Cartel, and a letter from

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,
And plenty smiling on her plains around;
Thus bless'd with all that commerce could supply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the parent who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate;
Who now with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood;
Who now of her demands that tribute due,
For whom alone the' avenging sword she drew.
Scarce had America the just request
Receiv'd, when, kindling in her faithless breast,
Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
And lo! the mandate of our laws she spurns!
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame;
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coasts is heard the' audacious roar,
'England shall rule America no more.'
Soon as on Britain's shore the' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons, who thus rebell'd:
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,

Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade, Aug. 24, 1760.

Determin'd not to draw her penal steel,
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.
  And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
She on her darkling patriot cast her eye:
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid the' insurgents tremble and obey.
  He comes!—but where the' amazing theme to hit,
Discover language or ideas fit? [ger,
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, or swag-
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?
Our patriot comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the muse
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
'A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark!'
And lo! the' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!
On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our patriot comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.
Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!
Through faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land!
  Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue
Dumb-sounding declamations disembogue,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;

Where fulminating rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd Sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lists to guide in Insurrection's cause.
And lo! where in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Though England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!
Arise, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies, and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display [5].

* * * * * * *

To thee, whose soul, all stedfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene;
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
Enjoys the sweet of sentiment and taste;
To thee, O Marius! whom no factions sway,
The' impartial muse devotes her honest lay!
In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assume fair friendship's name:
Sooner shall Churchill's feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering demagogue astray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
Eclipse great Mansfield's strong meridian light,

[5] See account of the fall of Lucca Pitt, in 'Machiavel's History of Florence.'

Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface.
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
Or in the bless'd retreat of virtue laid,
Where contemplation spreads her awful shade;
If ever to forget thee I have pow'r,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!
  Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms:
Like some full river, charg'd with falling show'rs,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours;
But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood-gates bar the' impetuous tide.—

* * * * * * *

DAY.

Oft have I rouzed, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tyger, and the lion grim.

Ipiday Negro.

Drawn by J.W. Devis. *Engraved by L. Schiavonetti.*

Published 1st Jan.y 1805. by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS DAY.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM,

103, *Goswell Street,*

FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;

AND SOLD BY W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1809.

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ENCOMIUM ON DAY.

If pensive genius ever pour'd the tear
Of votive anguish o'er the poet's bier;
If drooping Britain ever knew to mourn
In silent sorrow o'er the patriot's urn,
Here let them weep their Day's untimely doom,
And hang the fairest garlands o'er his tomb;
For never poet's hand did yet consign
So pure a wreath to Virtue's holy shrine;
For never patriot tried before to raise
His country's welfare on so firm a base;
Glory's bright form he taught her youth to see,
And bade them merit freedom—to be free!
No sculptur'd marble need his worth proclaim,
No herald's sounding style record his name;
For long as sense and virtue fame can give,
In his own works his deathless fame shall live.

THE

DYING NEGRO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem was occasioned by a fact which had recently happened at the time of its first publication, in 1773. A Negro, belonging to the Captain of a West-Indiaman, having agreed to marry a white woman, his fellow-servant, in order to effect his purpose, left his master's house, and procured himself to be baptized; but being detected and taken, he was sent on board the Captain's vessel then lying in the river; where, finding no chance of escaping, and preferring death to another voyage to America, he took an opportunity of stabbing himself. As soon as his determination is fixed, he is supposed to write this Epistle to his intended wife.

'Arm'd with thy sad last gift—the pow'r to die!
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, now I can defy;
Thy dreadful mercy points at length the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more;
This weapon, ev'n in chains, the brave can wield,
And vanquish'd quit triumphantly the field:
Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate, and may forgive.
Yet while I tread that gulf's tremendous brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,

Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
To pause, and cast a lingering look behind?
O my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee mine,
Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
For thee ev'n here this faithful heart shall glow,
A pang shall rend me, and a tear shall flow.—
How shall I soothe thy grief, since fate denies
Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
To ask that mercy Heav'n denies to me;
Yet let thy tender breast my sorrows share,
Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep despair.
Yet let thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
Whom Fate forbade thy tenderness to save.
Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe,
Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.
'Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
Why didst thou fan the' inauspicious fire?
For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
For thee alone I could have borne to live;
And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
For persecuting foes, and faithless friends:
Fool that I was! enur'd so long to pain,
To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
Joy, stranger guest, my easy faith betray'd,
And love now points to death's eternal shade;
There, while I rest from misery's galling load,
Be thou the care of every pitying God;
Nor may that demon's unpropitious pow'r,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the colour of thy fate.

For thee may those soft hours return again,
When Pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd thy path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view!
Ye meads, now glittering with the morning dew!
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder hated shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell!—I ask no vernal bloom—
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.
Let serpents hiss and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair!
'And better in the' untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than drag'd once more beyond the western main,
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
The slow enfranchisement of lingering fate.
Oh! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When memory paints the picture of their woe!
For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
Rous'd by the lash, begin their cheerless way:
Greeting with groans unwelcome morn's return,
While rage and shame their gloomy bosoms burn:
And, chiding every hour the slow-pac'd sun,
Endure their toils till all his race was run;
No eye to mark their sufferings with a tear,
No friend to comfort, and no hope to cheer;
Then like the dull unpitied brutes repair
To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare;
Thank Heav'n, one day of misery was o'er,
And sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.—
Sleep on! ye lost companions of my woes,
For whom in death this tear of pity flows;

Sleep and enjoy the only boon of Heav'n,
To you in common with your tyrants giv'n!
O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
Still may the balmy blessing steep your eyes;
In swift oblivion lull awhile your woes,
And brightest visions gladden the repose!
Let Fancy, then, unconscious of the change,
Through our own fields and native forests range;
Waft ye to each once-haunted stream and grove,
And visit every long-lost scene ye love!
I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade
Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid:
Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
To find each dear delusion fled at morn;
A slow consuming death let others wait,
I snatch destruction from unwilling fate.
Yon ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame;
Bright orb! for others let thy glory shine,
Mature the golden grain and purple vine,
While fetter'd Afric still for Europe toils,
And Nature's plunderers riot on her spoils;
Be theirs the gifts thy partial rays supply,
Be mine the gloomy privilege to die.
'And thou, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy Cross to my sad brows denied,
Forbade me Nature's common rights to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's sacred name;
Thou too, farewell!—for not beyond the grave
Extends thy power, nor is my dust thy slave.
In vain Heav'n spread so wide the swelling sea,
Vast watry barrier, 'twixt thy world and me;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor Heav'n control'd,
Fly stern oppression, and dire lust of gold.

Where'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody way,
Still nature groans, and man becomes their prey.
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion through his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in the chase,
There too Heav'n planted man's majestic race;
Bade reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies,
What though the sun in his meridian blaze
Dart on their naked limbs his scorching rays:
What though no rosy tints adorn their face,
No silken tresses shine with flowing grace:
Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
And in their veins the tide of honour rolls:
And valour kindles there the hero's flame,
Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame;
And pity melts the sympathizing breast,
Ah! fatal virtue!—for the brave distress'd.
'My tortur'd bosom, sad remembrance spare!
Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there?
And show me what I was, and aggravate despair?
Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade!
Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
Oft have I rous'd, amid your caverns dim,
The howling tiger, and the lion grim!
In vain they gloried in their headlong force,
My javelin pierc'd them in their raging course.
But little did my boding mind bewray,
The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
To human brutes more fell, more cruel far than they.
Ah! what avails the conqueror's bloody meed,
The generous purpose, or the dauntless deed!
This hapless breast expos'd on every plain,
And liberty preferr'd to life in vain?

Fall'n are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
Myself become a thing without a name,
The sport of haughty lords, and ev'n of slaves the shame.
'Curs'd be the winds, and curs'd the tides which bore
These European robbers to our shore!
O be that hour involv'd in endless night,
When first their streamers met my wondering sight!
I call'd the warriors from the mountain's steep,
To meet these unknown terrors of the deep;
Rous'd by my voice, their generous bosoms glow,
They rush indignant and demand the foe,
And poise the darts of death, and twang the bended bow:
When lo! advancing o'er the sea-beat plain,
I mark'd the leader of a warlike train;
Unlike his features to our swarthy race;
And golden hair play'd round his ruddy face.
While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
He thus accosts our unsuspecting band:
'Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads
To martial combats, and heroic deeds;
No fierce invader your retreat explores,
No hostile banner waves along your shores.
From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,
Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed terrors by:
And O, your hospitable cares extend,
So may ye never need the aid ye lend!
So may ye still repeat to every grove
The songs of freedom, and the strains of love!'
Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
We melt with pity, and unbend the bow;
With liberal hand our choicest gifts we bring,
And point the wanderers to the freshest spring.

Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
And songs of friendship echoed o'er the land [1].
When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave:
"O, youth," he said, "what gifts can we bestow,
Or how requite the mighty debt we owe?
For lo! propitious to our vows, the gale
With milder omens fills the swelling sail.
To-morrow's sun shall see our ships explore
These deeps, and quit your hospitable shore.
Yet while we linger, let us still employ
The number'd hours in friendship and in joy:
Ascend our ships, their treasures are your own,
And taste the produce of a world unknown."
'He spoke; with fatal eagerness we burn,—
And quit the shores, undestin'd to return!
The smiling traitors with insidious care
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm'd each fainting warrior lies.
O wretches! to your future evils blind!
O morn for ever present to my mind!
When bursting from the treacherous bands of sleep,
Rous'd by the murmurs of the dashing deep,

[1] 'Which way soever I turned my eyes on this spot, I beheld a perfect image of pure nature, an agreeable solitude bounded on every side by charming landscapes; the rural situation of cottages in the midst of trees; the ease and indolence of the Negroes, reclined under the shade of their spreading foliage; the simplicity of their dress and manners; the whole revived in my mind the idea of our first parents, and I seemed to contemplate the world in its primitive state. They are, generally speaking, very good-natured, sociable, and obliging.'—*M. Adanson's Voyage to Senegal, &c.*

I woke to bondage and ignoble pains,
And all the horrors of a life in chains [2].
Ye Gods of Afric! in that dreadful hour
Where were your thunders and avenging pow'r?
Did not my pray'rs, my groans, my tears invoke
Your slumbering justice to direct the stroke?
No Power descended to assist the brave,
No lightnings flash'd, and I became a slave.
From lord to lord my wretched carcase sold,
In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold:
Fate's blackest clouds were gather'd o'er my head;
And, bursting now, they mix me with the dead.

'Yet when my fortune cast my lot with thine,
And bade beneath one roof our labours join,
Surpris'd I felt the tumults of my breast
Lull'd by thy beauties to unwonted rest.
Delusive hopes my changing soul inflame,
And gentler transports agitate my frame.
What though obscure thy birth, superior grace
Shone in the glowing features of thy face.

[2] 'As we passed along the coast we very often lay before a town, and fired a gun for the natives to come off, but no soul came near us. At length we learned by some ships that were trading down the coast, that the natives came seldom on board an English ship, for fear of being detained or carried off; yet at last some ventured on board; but if these chanced to spy any arms, they would all immediately take to their canoes, and make the best of their way home.'——*Smith's Voyage to Guinea.*

'It is well known that many of the European nations have, very unjustly and inhumanly, without any provocation, stolen away, from time to time, abundance of the people, not only on this coast, but almost every where in Guinea, who have come on board their ship in a harmless and confiding manner; these they have in great numbers carried away, and sold in the plantations.'——*J. Barbot's Description of Guinea.*

Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze,
And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
Thou, gentle virgin, thou didst not despise
The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
By Heav'n abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
Thy generous love could every sorrow end,
In thee I found a mistress and a friend;
Still as I told the story of my woes,
With heaving sighs thy lovely bosom rose;
The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying soul:
Dear drops! upon my bleeding heart, like balm
They fell, and soon my tortur'd mind grew calm;
Then my lov'd country, parents, friends forgot;
Heav'n I absolv'd, nor murmur'd at my lot;
Thy sacred smiles could every pang remove,
And liberty became less dear than love.

'And I have lov'd thee with as pure a fire,
As man e'er felt, or woman could inspire:
No pangs like these my pallid tyrants know,
Not such their transports, and not such their woe.
Their softer frames a feeble soul conceal,
A soul unus'd to pity or to feel;
Damp'd by base lucre, and repell'd by fear,
Each nobler passion faintly blazes here.
Not such the mortals burning Afric breeds,
Mother of virtues, and heroic deeds;
Descended from yon radiant orb, they claim
Sublimer courage, and a fiercer flame.

Nature has there, unchill'd by art, impress'd
Her awful majesty on every breast.
Where'er she leads, impatient of control,
The dauntless Negro rushes to the goal;
Firm in his love, resistless in his hate,
His arm is conquest, and his frown is fate.
'What fond affection in my bosom reigns!
What soft emotions mingle with my pains!
Still as thy form before my mind appears,
My haggard eyes are bath'd in gushing tears;
Thy lov'd idea rushes to my heart,
And stern despair suspends the lifted dart——
O could I burst these fetters which restrain
My struggling limbs, and waft thee o'er the main
To some far-distant shore, where ocean roars
In horrid tempests round the gloomy shores;
To some wild mountain's solitary shade,
Where never European faith betray'd;
How joyful could I, of thy love secure,
Meet every danger, every toil endure!
For thee I'd climb the rock, explore the flood,
And tame the famish'd savage of the wood.
When scorching summer drinks the shrinking streams,
My care should screen thee from its sultry beams;
At noon I'd crown thee with the fairest flowers,
At eve I'd lead thee to the safest bowers;
And when bleak winter howl'd around the cave,
For thee his horrors and his storms I'd brave;
Nor snows nor raging winds should damp my soul,
Nor such a night as shrouds the dusky pole:
O'er the dark waves my bounding skiff I'd guide,
To pierce each mightier monster of the tide;

Through frozen forests force my dreadful way,
In their own dens to rouse the beasts of prey;
Nor other blessing ask, if this might prove
How fix'd my passion, and how fond my love.
Then should vain fortune to my sight display
All that her anger now has snatch'd away;
Treasures more vast than Avarice e'er design'd
In midnight visions to a Christian's mind;
The monarch's diadem, the conqueror's meed,
That empty prize for which the valiant bleed;
All that ambition strives to snatch from fate,
All that the gods e'er lavish'd in their hate;
Not these should win thy lover from thy arms,
Or tempt a moment's absence from thy charms;
Indignant would I fly these guilty climes,
And scorn their glories as I hate their crimes!

'But whither does my wandering fancy rove?
Hence ye wild wishes of desponding love!
Ah! where is now that voice which lull'd my woes;
That angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose?
By Nature tempted, and with passion blind,
Are these the joys hope whisper'd to my mind?
Is this the end of constancy like thine?
Are these the transports of a love like mine?
My hopes, my joys are vanish'd into air,
And now of all that once engag'd my care,
These chains alone remain, this weapon and despair.

So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
All thy fond hopes dire disappointment blast!
Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride!
Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;

That beauteous prize Heav'n had reserv'd at last,
Sweet recompense for all my sorrows past.
O may thy harden'd bosom never prove
The tender joys of friendship or of love!
Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a prey,
In unrequited passion pine away!
May every transport violate thy rest,
Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast!
May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
Till death in all his terrors wing the dart:
Then, to complete the horror of thy doom,
A favour'd rival smile upon thy tomb!

'Why does my lingering soul her flight delay?
Come, lovely maid, and gild the dreary way?
Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
And clasp thy bleeding lover in thy arms;
Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
And soothe him sinking to the shades of death!
O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
And bid the' inexorable tyrant smile;
Transported will I languish on thy breast,
And sink enraptur'd to eternal rest:
The hate of men, the wrongs of fate forgive,
Forget my woes, and almost wish to live.
Ah! rather fly, lest aught of doubt control
The dreadful purpose labouring in my soul;
Tears must not bend me, nor thy beauties move,
This hour I triumph over fate and love!

'Again with tenfold rage my bosom burns,
And all the tempest of my soul returns;
Again the furies fire my madding brain,
And death extends his sheltering arms in vain;
For unreveng'd I fall, unpitied die;
And with my blood glut Pride's insatiate eye!

'Thou Christian God! to whom so late I bow'd,
To whom my soul its new allegiance vow'd,
When crimes like these thy injur'd power profane,
O God of Nature! art thou call'd in vain?
Didst thou for this sustain a mortal wound,
While Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, hung trembling
round?
That these vile fetters might my body bind,
And agony like this distract my mind?
On thee I call'd with reverential awe,
Ador'd thy wisdom, and embrac'd thy law;
Yet mark thy destin'd convert as he lies,
His groans of anguish, and his livid eyes,
These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee—just and good!
But if too weak thy vaunted power to spare,
Or sufferings move thee not, O hear despair!
Thy hopes and blessings I alike resign,
But let revenge, let swift revenge be mine?
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides!
And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too!
Be theirs the torment of a lingering fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate;
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chas'd by all the monsters of the main;
And while they spread their sinking arms to thee,
Then let their fainting souls remember me!
'Thanks, righteous God!—Revenge shall yet
be mine;
Yon flashing lightning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heavenly anger hurl'd,
I hear your thunders shake a guilty world.

The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky.
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight;
Eternal Justice wakes, and in their turn
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn;
Lo! Discord, fiercest of the' infernal band,
Fires all her snakes, and waves her flaming brand;
No more proud Commerce courts the western gales,
But marks the lurid skies, and furls her sails;
War mounts his iron car, and at his wheels
In vain soft Pity weeps, and Mercy kneels;
He breathes a savage rage through all the host,
And stains with kindred blood the impious coast;
Then, while with horror sickening Nature groans,
And earth and Heav'n the monstrous race disowns,
Then the stern Genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,
Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
The plagues of hell on yon devoted shore.
What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way!
How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
I see their warriors gasping on the ground,
I hear their flaming cities crash around.—
In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
In vain with generous rage the valiant burns;
One common ruin, one promiscuous grave,
O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave—
For Afric triumphs!—his avenging rage
No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
Their fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
He waves his flaming dart, and o'er their plains,
In mournful silence, Desolation reigns—

Fly swift, ye years!—Arise, thou glorious morn!
Thou great avenger of thy race be born!
The conqueror's palm and deathless fame be thine!
One generous stroke, and liberty be mine!
And now, ye Pow'rs! to whom the brave are dear,
Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
To you that spirit which ye gave restore!
I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
No long eternity of happiness;—
But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
At your great call this being I have spilt,
For all the wrongs which innocent I share,
For all I've suffer'd, and for all I dare;
O lead me to that spot, that sacred shore,
Where souls are free, and men oppress no more!'

MISCELLANIES.

TO THE AUTHORESS

OF

'VERSES TO BE INSCRIBED ON DELIA'S TOMB.'

SWEET Poetess, whose gentle numbers flow
With all the artless energy of woe!
The choicest wreath, oh lovely maid! be thine,
Which pity offers at the Muse's shrine.
Were there a strain of power to soothe the care
Of bitterest anguish, and assuage despair,
Thy generous verse might every bosom cheer,
And wipe from every eye the falling tear!
But there are transports of the secret soul,
Which not the Muse's sacred charms control:
When ruin'd innocence, condemn'd to bleed,
Mourns the remembrance of the fatal deed;
While stern contempt attends, and public hate,
And shame remorseless points the dart of fate,
Yet shall thy votive wreath unfading bloom
A grateful offering to thy Delia's tomb.
There, while celestial mercy beams confess'd,
And soothes the mourner to eternal rest,
Be fancy's mildest softest visions seen,
And forms aërial glitter o'er the green!
Such forms as oft, by bowers and haunted streams,
Descend mysterious on the poet's dreams!

There, borne by hovering zephyrs through the air,
Returning Spring shall wave her dewy hair,
While Flora, mistress of the milder year,
Marks every flower she scatters with a tear.
There, when the gloom of midnight stills the plains,
The sacred guardians of immortal strains,
To every blast shall bid their tresses flow,
And pour the sweet majestic sounds of woe!
Lives there a virgin in the secret shade,
Not yet to shame by perjur'd man betray'd?
This sacred spot instructed let her tread,
And bend in silent anguish o'er the dead!
She once like thee, to hope's gay visions born,
Shone like the lustre of the dewy morn.
One hour of guilt, one fatal hour is o'er,
Lo, youth, and hope, and beauty are no more!
Go, now in mirth the fleeting hours employ,
Go snatch the flowers of transitory joy!
Let feast and revelry prolong the night,
The lyre transport thee, and the dance delight;
Yet be one pause of sad reflection given,
To the low voice of Delia and of Heaven!
That voice which rises from her dreary tomb,
And calls thee to its solitary doom,
Dims every taper, palls the mantling wine,
And blasts the wreath which love and pleasure twine!
And thou, oh youth! whom meditation leads
With pensive step along these glistening meads,
If yet thy bosom, unseduc'd and pure,
Ne'er worship'd fortune's shrine or pleasure's lure;
If at the tale of innocence oppress'd,
Strong indignation struggle in thy breast;
If in thy constant soul soft pity glow,
And foes to virtue be thy only foe,

Approach this spot, and mark with pitying eyes
How low the young, the fair, the gentle lies!
Be the stern virtue of thy soul resign'd,
Let gushing tears attest thy yielding mind!
Swear by the dread avengers of the tomb,
By all thy hopes, by death's tremendous gloom!
That ne'er by thee deceiv'd, the tender maid
Shall mourn her easy confidence betray'd;
Nor weep in secret thy triumphant art,
With bitter anguish rankling in her heart.
So may each blessing which impartial fate
Show'rs on the good, but snatches from the great,
Adorn thy favour'd course with rays divine,
And Heaven's best gift, a virtuous love, be thine!

WRITTEN DURING A

TOUR TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.

From every rich and gaudy scene,
  Which crowded capitals display,
I court the solitary green,
  Or o'er the pathless mountains stray.

From vice, from folly, pomp, and noise,
  On reason's wings I fly:
All hail, ye long-expected joys
  Of calm tranquillity!

At least in this secure retreat,
  Unvisited by kings,
Has virtue fix'd her halcyon seat,
  And freedom waves her wings.

O gentle Lady of the West,
  Whose charms, on this sequester'd shore,
With love can fire a stranger's breast;
  A breast that never lov'd before!

O tell me, in what silent vale,
  To hail the balmy breath of May,
Thy tresses floating on the gale,
  All simply neat thou deign'st to stray!

Not such thy look, not such thy air,
  Not such thy unaffected grace:
As mid the town's deceitful glare,
  Marks the proud nymph's disdainful face.

Health's rosy bloom upon thy cheek,
  Eyes that with artless lustre roll,
More eloquent than words to speak
  The genuine feelings of the soul.

Such be thy form! thy noble mind
  By no false culture led astray;
By native sense alone refin'd
  In reason's plain and simple way.

Indifferent if the eye of Fame,
  Thy merit unobserving see;
And heedless of the praise or blame
  Of all mankind, of all but me.

O gentle Lady of the West!
  To find thee, be my only task;
When found, I'll clasp thee to my breast;
  No haughty birth or dower I ask.

Sequester'd in some secret glade,
With thee unnotic'd would I live;
And if Content adorn the shade,
What more can Heav'n or Nature give?

Too long deceiv'd by Pomp's false glare,
'Tis thou must soothe my soul to rest;
'Tis thou must soften every care,
O gentle Lady of the West!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. DAY.

Let lighter bards in sportive numbers play,
Weave the gay wreath, or join the choral lay,
Round pleasure's altar fading chaplets twine,
And deck their temples with the maddening vine!
My chaster muse selects, for fancy's dream,
A dearer object, and a nobler theme.
For thee, thou dear companion of my soul!
She bids spontaneous numbers artless roll;
Nor scorns the sacred lyre, which long had hung
Forgotten in the shade, untouch'd, unstrung!
Oh! while thy friend, thy more than lover, strays
Through this vain world's inexplicable maze,
Shall not Remembrance strive with mimic art
To soothe the secret anguish of his heart?
Come then, thou friend of solitary care!
Unfold the canvass, and the tints prepare;
Till the fair form in full proportion rise,
Confess'd to view, and swim before his eyes!

ELEGY

OCCASIONED BY THE CAPRICE OR FICKLENESS OF A YOUNG LADY [1].

YET once again, in yonder myrtle bowers,
  Whence rose-lip'd zephyrs, hovering, shed per-
I weave the painted radiance of the flowers, [fume,
  And press coy Nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wandering eyes
  Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gem'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
  To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
  These snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove;
Nor wanton summer yield one garland more
  To grace the bosom of the nymph I love?

For she shall come; with her each sister-grace,
  With her the kindred powers of harmony,
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
  And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes,
  She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
She loves the spot where infant Genius blooms,
  She loves the spot where Peace and Freedom
    smile.

[1] See Miss Seward's Life of Dr. Darwin.

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
  In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn:
In vain with brighter tints the flowrets glow,
  Or dew-drops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale,
  Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches wide,
Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
  Or, glistening, rushes down the mountain side.

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
  Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,
To hymn wild carols to returning day,
  And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
  Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies;
Her swift-wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
  And countless zephyrs waft her through the skies.

There, while her bright wheels pause in cloudless air,
  She waves the magic sceptre of command,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
  Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
  High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azure nectar flow,
  And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

There cull'd from every mountain, every plain,
  Perennial flowers the ambient air perfume,
Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,
  Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
  Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale Evening spreads the dewy veil,
  What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here,—not here,
  Does spring eternal hold her placid reign,
Already Boreas chills the altering year,
  And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promis'd joys!—fair scenes of bliss,
  Ideal scenes, too long believ'd in vain,
Plung'd down and swallow'd deep in Time's abyss!—
  So veering Chance, and ruthless Fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,
  Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
  Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

Oh! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,
  Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here Truth, Love, Freedom, Innocence resort,
  And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless, on the strand
  The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand
  That points to safety, liberty, and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe,
  Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous sea;
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
  Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,
  Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful, flies;
I heard the blast come whistling from afar,
  I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet, let the tempest roar!—love scorns all harms,
  I plunge amid the storm, resolv'd to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
  The next let ruin join us in the grave.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE FAILURE OF THE APPLICATION FOR AN EQUAL REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.

When faithless Senates venally betray;
  When each degenerate noble is a slave;
When Britain falls an unresisting prey;
  What part befits the generous and the brave?

In vain the task to rouse my country's ire,
  And imp once more the stork's dejected wings;
To solitude indignant I retire,
  And leave the world to parasites and kings.

Not like the deer, when wearied in the race,
  Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals;
But like the lion, when he turns the chase
  Back on his hunters, and the valiant falls.

Then let untam'd Oppression rage aloof,
  And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed;
To Liberty I vow this humble roof;
  And he that violates its shade—shall bleed!

EPITAPH ON DR. SMALL.

Beyond the rage of time, or fortune's power,
Remain, cold stone! remain, and mark the hour
When all the noblest gifts, which Heaven e'er gave,
Were center'd in a dark untimely grave.
Oh, taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies!
Oh, gentle bosom! oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!

EPITAPH ON MR. LAURENS,

SON TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Here the last prey of that destructive rage,
Which shook the world, and curs'd a guilty age;
Here youthful Laurens yielded up his breath,
And seal'd a nation's liberties in death [1],
O may that country, which he fought to save,
Shed sacred tears upon his early grave!
And Fame, which urg'd him on to meet his doom,
Bid all her laurels flourish round his tomb!
But vain, alas! to soothe a father's woe,
The mouldering trophies glory can bestow!
O'er thy sad urn, O much-lov'd youth, reclin'd,
What fond ideas rush upon his mind!

[1] Mr. Laurens was killed near the close of the American war, in a skirmish with some British troops.

All, all the hopes thy childhood could inspire,
Thy youth's mild dawn, thy manhood's active fire!
But chief, that native gentleness of soul,
Which neither war nor passion could control!
Dear to the human race, but doubly dear
To him who pours the tributary tear,
Who mourns the public losses and his own,
And with a trembling hand inscribes this stone.

VERSES

TRIBUTARY TO THE SAME.

Or by the Delawar's resounding shores,
Or where the Brounx its humble tribute pours;
Or where responsive to the captive's woe
The thundering waves of Saratoga flow;
What shrieks of woe were heard along the plain,
What tides of generous blood increas'd the main,
When Britain's banners to the winds unroll'd
Shook death and vengeance from each angry fold;
And, touch'd with sacred rage and freedom's charms,
The western world exulting rush'd to arms.
  O fatal fields! where civil discord gave
Such wide destruction to the kindred brave;
Strewn o'er your deserts bleak and wild, they lie,
Expos'd to every blast that chills the sky.
Thither the screaming falcon wings his way,
Thither the wolf and every beast of prey:
Loud howls the forest to the savage roar,
And the fell eagle bathes his plumes in gore.
There oft as Evening lights her paly lamp,
And shrouds the drear expanse with mantle damp,

The wandering peasant stops, with fear aghast,
To hear ideal wailings in the blast;
While gliding o'er the melancholy green,
The angry ghosts of mighty chiefs are seen;
Backward he turns his steps, nor dares to head
The dreadful haunts of the majestic dead.
But ah! no sounds that sadden in the wind,
No shadowy forms can daunt the virgin's mind,
That nightly wanders o'er the gloomy plain,
To seek with pious steps a lover slain—
From blazing hearths and cheerful roofs she flies,
Despair and madness blended in her eyes;
The wintry tempest lifts her floating hair,
Howls round her head, and chills her bosom bare;
While reckless she of comfort and of life,
Hears nor regards the elemental strife;
But stretch'd, unhappy mourner! on the ground,
Bends o'er the dead and kisses every wound.
In vain the rising morn dispels the dew,
The rising morn beholds her grief renew,
In vain returning shades of night descend,
No shades of night shall give her sorrows end,
Till death in pity wings his blunted dart,
And life's last tide is frozen at her heart.
O fatal fields! though many a warrior ghost
Has wing'd his flight untimely from your coast,
Did you e'er view a nobler victim slain,
To glut the bloody rites of freedom's fane,
Than when the valiant Laurens met his doom,
And sunk lamented to an early tomb?

FINIS.

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